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The Lovers' Shakspeare

o

The Lovers' Shakspeare



Lovers are given to poetry

AS YOU LIKE IT, 3. 3. 20



COMPILED BY
CHLOE BLAKEMAN JONES



CHICAGO
A. C. McCLURG AND COMPANY
1899

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ANNA WELLESLEY BRADFIELD

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I

“THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE”

Ay me! for aught that I could ever read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth.

Midsummer-Night's Dream, 1. 1. 132.

If then true lovers have been ever cross'd,
It stands as an edict in destiny :
Then let us teach our trial patience,
Because it is a customary cross,
As due to love as thoughts and dreams and sighs,
Wishes and tears, poor fancy's followers.

Midsummer-Night's Dream, 1. 1. 150.

Love like a shadow flies when substance love pursues ;
Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.

Merry Wives of Windsor, 2. 2. 215.

The Lovers' Shakspeare

She dreams on him that has forgot her love ;
You dote on her that cares not for your love.
'T is pity love should be so contrary.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, 4. 4. 86.

Love is a smoke raised with the fume of sighs ;
Being purged, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes ;
Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears.

Romeo and Juliet, 1. 1. 196.

Within whose circuit is Elysium
And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.

3 Henry VI, 1. 2. 30.

Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart or in the head ?
How begot, how nourished ?

Reply, reply.

It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed ; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.

Merchant of Venice, 3. 2. 63.

How now !

Even so quickly may one catch the plague ?
Methinks I feel this youth's perfections
With an invisible and subtle stealth
To creep in at mine eyes.

Twelfth Night, 1. 5. 313.

"The Course of True Love"

The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service.

Tempest, 3. 1. 64.

Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid : all corners else o' the earth
Let liberty make use of ; space enough
Have I in such a prison.

Tempest, 1. 2. 490.

See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

Romeo and Juliet, 2. 2. 23.

'T were all one
That I should love a bright particular star
And think to wed it, he is so above me.

All's Well that Ends Well, 1. 1. 96.

Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak :
I'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind.

Henry VI, 5. 3. 65.

Go, ask his name : if he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

Romeo and Juliet, 1. 5. 136.

Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might,
'Who ever loved, that loved not at first sight?'

As You Like It, 3. 5. 82.

The Lovers' Shakspeare

I'll win this Lady Margaret.

1 Henry VI, 5. 3. 88.

I'll go find a shadow and sigh till he come.

As You Like It, 4. 1. 222.

Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes
Tune my distresses and record my woes.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, 5. 4. 4.

What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?
I cannot speak to her, yet she urged conference.

As You Like It, 1. 2. 269.

This

Is the third man that e'er I saw, the first
That e'er I sigh'd for.

Tempest, 1. 2. 444.

It is young Orlando, that tripped up the wrestler's
heels and your heart both in an instant.

As You Like It, 3. 2. 224.

Sweet love! sweet lines! sweet life!
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, 1. 3. 45.

Good wax, thy leave. Blest be
You bees that make these locks of counsel!

Cymbeline, 3. 2. 35.

"The Course of True Love"

It was a lover and his lass,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass

In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding :
Sweet lovers love the spring.

As You Like It, 5. 3. 17.

I was not born under a rhyming planet, nor I cannot woo in festival terms.

Much Ado about Nothing, 5. 2. 40.

He says he loves my daughter :

I think so too ; for never gazed the moon
Upon the water as he 'll stand and read
As 't were my daughter's eyes : and, to be plain,
I think there is not half a kiss to choose
Who loves another best.

Winter's Tale, 4. 4. 171.

Your brother and my sister no sooner met but they looked, no sooner looked but they loved, no sooner loved but they sighed, no sooner sighed but they asked one another the reason, no sooner knew the reason but they sought the remedy ; and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage which they will climb incontinent.

As You Like It, 5. 2. 35.

The Lovers' Shakspeare

There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving 'Rosalind' on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns and elegies on brambles, all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind: if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

As You Like It, 3. 2. 377.

Val. Why, how know you that I am in love?

Speed. Marry, by these special marks: first, you have learned, like Sir Proteus, to wreath your arms, like a malcontent; to relish a love-song, like a robin-redbreast; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence; to sigh, like a schoolboy that had lost his A B C; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam; to fast, like one that takes diet; to watch, like one that fears robbing; to speak puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas. You were wont, when you laughed, to crow like a cock; when you walked, to walk like one of the lions; when you fasted, it was presently after dinner; when you looked sadly, it was for want of money: and now you are metamorphosed with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, 2. 1. 17.

“ *The Course of True Love* ”

Carve on every tree
The fair, the chaste and unexpressive she.

As You Like It, 3. 2. 9.

With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these walls ;
For stony limits cannot hold love out,
And what love can do that dares love attempt.

Romeo and Juliet, 2. 2. 66.

Thou hast metamorphosed me,
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
War with good counsel, set the world at nought;
Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with thought.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, 1. 1. 66.

We cannot fight for love, as men may do ;
We should be woo'd and were not made to woo.

Midsummer-Night's Dream, 2. 1. 241.

But, though I loved you well, I woo'd you not ;
And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man,
Or that we women had men's privilege
Of speaking first.

Troilus and Cressida, 3. 2. 134.

I never sued to friend nor enemy ;
My tongue could never learn sweet soothing words ;
But, now thy beauty is proposed my fee,
My proud heart sues and prompts my tongue to speak.

Richard III, 1. 2. 168.

The Lovers' Shakspeare

When you speak, sweet,
I 'ld have you do it ever : when you sing,
I 'ld have you buy and sell so, so give alms,
Pray so ; and, for the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too : when you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that ; move still, still so,
And own no other function : each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present deed,
That all your acts are queens.

Winter's Tale, 4. 4. 136.

I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth.

King Lear, 1. 1. 93.

Jul. His little speaking shows his love but small.

Luc. Fire that 's closest kept burns most of all.

Jul. They do not love that do not show their love.

Luc. O, they love least that let men know their love.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, 1. 2. 29.

I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.

As You Like It, 3. 5. 65.

And oft my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not.

Othello, 3. 3. 147.

"The Course of True Love"

Self-harming jealousy ! fie, beat it hence !

Comedy of Errors, 2. 1. 102.

But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.

Julius Caesar, 3. 1. 60.

In sooth, I would you were a little sick,
That I might sit all night and watch with you :
I warrant I love you more than you do me.

King John, 4. 1. 29.

There 's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.

Antony and Cleopatra, 1. 1. 15.

Look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east :
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.

Romeo and Juliet, 3. 5. 7.

Good-night, good-night ! parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good-night till it be morrow.

Romeo and Juliet, 2. 2. 185.

And take my heart with thee.

Henry VI, 3. 2. 408.

But, soft ! what light through yonder window breaks ?
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.

Romeo and Juliet, 2. 2. 2.

The Lovers' Shakspeare

Lord, how mine eyes throw gazes to the east !
My heart doth charge the watch ; the morning rise
Doth cite each moving sense from idle rest.
Not daring trust the office of mine eyes,
 While Philomela sits and sings, I sit and mark,
 And wish her lays were tuned like the lark ;

For she doth welcome day-light with her ditty,
And drives away dark dismal-dreaming night :
The night so pack'd, I post unto my pretty ;
Heart hath his hope, and eyes their wished sight ;
 Sorrow changed to solace, solace mix'd with sorrow ;
 For why, she sigh'd, and bade me come to-morrow.

Were I with her, the night would post too soon ;
But now are minutes added to the hours ;
To spite me now, each minute seems a moon ;
Yet not for me, shine sun to succour flowers !
 Pack night, peep day ; good day, of night now
 borrow :
 Short, night, to-night, and length thyself to-morrow.

The Passionate Pilgrim, 193.

Lovers break not hours,
Unless it be to come before their time.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, 5. 1. 4.

Lovers ever run before the clock.

Merchant of Venice, 2. 6. 4.

"The Course of True Love"

But this swift business
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light.

Tempest, 1. 2. 450.

To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine.

Hamlet, 4. 5. 48.

Bene. Do not you love me?

Beat. Why, no ; no more than reason.
Much Ado about Nothing, 5. 4. 74.

Claud. And I'll be sworn upon 't that he loves her;
For here 's a paper written in his hand,
A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,
Fashion'd to Beatrice.

Hero. And here 's another
Writ in my cousin's hand, stolen from her pocket,
Containing her affection unto Benedick.

Much Ado about Nothing, 5. 4. 85.

Bene. Come, I will have thee ; but, by this light,
I take thee for pity.

Beat. I would not deny you ; but, by this good
day, I yield upon great persuasion ; and partly to save
your life, for I was told you were in a consumption.

Much Ado about Nothing, 5. 4. 93.

The Lovers' Shakspeare

Hark, hark ! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies ;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes :
With every thing that pretty is,
My lady sweet, arise :
Arise, arise.

Cymbeline, 2. 3. 21.

She did show favour to the youth in your sight
only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse
valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in
your liver.

Twelfth Night, 3. 2. 19.

She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she
did praise my leg being cross-gartered ; and in this
she manifests herself to my love, and with a kind of
injunction drives me to these habits of her liking.

Twelfth Night, 2. 5. 180.

I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-
songs in their barks.

As You Like It, 3. 2. 276.

Vio. I pity you.

Oli.

That 's a degree to love.

Twelfth Night, 3. 1. 134.

"The Course of True Love"

An if she did not hate him deadly, she would love him dearly.

Much Ado about Nothing, 5. 1. 178.

Poor wounded name ! my bosom as a bed
Shall lodge thee till thy wound be thoroughly heal'd ;
And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.
But twice or thrice was ' Proteus ' written down.
Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away
Till I have found each letter in the letter,
Except mine own name : that some whirlwind bear
Unto a ragged fearful-hanging rock
And throw it thence into the raging sea !
Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ,
' Poor forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus,
To the sweet Julia : ' that I 'll tear away.
And yet I will not, sith so prettily
He couples it to his complaining names.
Thus will I fold them one upon another :
Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, 1. 2. 114.

A murderous guilt shows not itself more soon
Than love that would seem hid : love's night is noon.

Twelfth Night, 3. 1. 159.

Time goes on crutches, till love have all his rites.

Much Ado about Nothing, 2. 1. 372.

The Lovers' Shakspeare

She hath taught her suitor,
He being her pupil, to become her tutor.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, 2. 1. 143.

Hac ibat, as I told you before, — *Simois*, I am
Lucentio, — *hic est*, son unto Vincentio of Pisa, —
Sigeia tellus, disguised thus to get your love ; — *Hic*
steterat, and that Lucentio that comes a-wooing, —
Priami, is my man Tranio, — *regia*, bearing my
port, — *celsa senis*, that we might beguile the old
pantaloon.

Taming of the Shrew, 3. 1. 31.

If ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it remember me ;
For such as I am all true lovers are,
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save in the constant image of the creature
That is beloved.

Twelfth Night, 2. 4. 15.

We will unite the white rose and the red :
Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction,
That long hath frown'd upon their enmity !

Richard III, 5. 5. 19.

Then shall you know the wounds invisible
That love's keen arrows make.

As You Like It, 3. 5. 30.

"The Course of True Love"

If music be the food of love, play on ;
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again ! it had a dying fall :
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour ! Enough ; no more :
'T is not so sweet now as it was before.
O spirit of love ! how quick and fresh art thou,
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soe'er,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute : so full of shapes is fancy,
That it alone is high fantastical.

Twelfth Night, 1. 1. 1.

My only love sprung from my only hate !

Romeo and Juliet, 1. 5. 140.

Here's much to do with hate, but more with love.

Romeo and Juliet, 1. 1. 181.

Loving goes by haps :

Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.

Much Ado about Nothing, 3. 1. 105.

Steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks.

Romeo and Juliet, 2. Prologue. 8.

The Lovers' Shakspeare

Of this matter
Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made,
That only wounds by hearsay.

Much Ado about Nothing, 3. 1. 21.

But now I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confined, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears.

Macbeth, 3. 4. 24.

• Green-ey'd jealousy !

Merchant of Venice, 3. 2. 110.

You may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon
As or by oath remove or counsel shake
The fabric of his folly.

Winter's Tale, 1. 2. 426.

O, how hast thou with jealousy infected
The sweetness of affiance !

Henry V, 2. 2. 126.

Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects.

Comedy of Errors, 2. 2. 113.

These are the forgeries of jealousy !

Midsummer-Night's Dream, 2. 1. 81.

I must after,
For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, 2. 4. 176.

“ *The Course of True Love* ”

How many fond fools serve mad jealousy !

Comedy of Errors, 2. 1. 116.

How should I your true love know

From another one ?

By his cockle hat and staff,

And his sandal shoon.

Hamlet, 4. 5. 23.

Alas, how love can trifle with itself !

Two Gentlemen of Verona, 4. 4. 188.

For the which she wept heartily and said she cared
not.

Much Ado about Nothing, 5. 1. 175.

And he, repulsed — a short tale to make —

Fell into a sadness, then into a fast,

Thence to a watch, thence into a weakness,

Thence to a lightness, and, by this declension,

Into the madness wherein now he raves,

And all we mourn for.

Hamlet, 2. 2. 146.

She never told her love,

But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,

Feed on her damask cheek : she pined in thought,

And with a green and yellow melancholy

She sat like patience on a monument,

Smiling at grief.

Twelfth Night, 2. 4. 113.

The Lovers' Shakspeare

O, how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day,
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away !
Two Gentlemen of Verona, 1. 3. 84.

She was in love, and he she lov'd proved mad
And did forsake her : she had a song of ' willow ; '
An old thing 't was, but it express'd her fortune,
And she died singing it : that song to-night
Will not go from my mind ; I have much to do,
But to go hang my head all at one side,
And sing it like poor Barbara.

Othello, 4. 3. 27.

There 's rosemary, that 's for remembrance ; pray,
love, remember : and there is pansies, that 's for
thoughts.

Hamlet, 4. 5. 175.

My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne.

Romeo and Juliet, 5. 1. 3.

Hope is a lover's staff.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, 3. 1. 246.

Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter, and thou art
A villain.

Pericles, 2. 5. 49

"The Course of True Love"

My affections
Are then most humble ; I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.

Tempest, 1. 2. 481.

I crave no other, nor no better man.

Measure for Measure, 5. 1. 431.

Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approved good masters,
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true ; true, I have married her :
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more.

Othello, 1. 3. 76.

I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
Of my whole course of love.

Othello, 1. 3. 90.

Her father loved me ; oft invited me ;
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year, the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have pass'd.
I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it ;
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field,
Of hair-breadth scapes i' the imminent deadly breach,

The Lovers' Shakspeare

Of being taken by the insolent foe
And sold to slavery, of my redemption thence
And portance in my travels' history :
Wherein of antres vast and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks and hills whose heads touch
heaven,

It was my hint to speak, — such was the process ;
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. This to hear
Would Desdemona seriously incline :
But still the house-affairs would draw her thence :
Which ever as she could with haste despatch,
She 'ld come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse : which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intently : I did consent,
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs :
She swore, in faith, 't was strange, 't was passing
strange,
'T was pitiful, 't was wondrous pitiful :

"The Course of True Love"

She wish'd she had not heard it, yet she wish'd
That heaven had made her such a man : she thank'd me,
And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake :
She loved me for the dangers I had pass'd,
And I loved her that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have us'd.

Othello, 1. 3. 128.

Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.

King John, 1. 1. 154.

For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself
To fit your fancies to your father's will.

Midsummer-Night's Dream, 1. 1. 117.

Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with snow
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, 2. 7. 18.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops —
Jul. O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant
moon,

That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Romeo and Juliet, 2. 2. 107.

The Lovers' Shakspeare

But love will not be spurr'd to what it loathes.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, 5. 2. 7

O Romeo, Romeo ! wherefore art thou Romeo ?

Romeo and Juliet, 2. 2. 33.

I see I cannot get thy father's love.

Merry Wives of Windsor, 3. 4. 1.

My noble father,

I do perceive here a divided duty.

Othello, 1. 3. 180.

Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, 4. 4. 137.

One twelve moons more she 'll wear Diana's livery.

Pericles, 2. 5. 10.

My daughter will I question how she loves you,

And as I find her, so am I affected.

Merry Wives of Windsor, 3. 4. 94.

My lord, he hath importuned me with love

In honourable fashion.

Hamlet, 1. 3. 110.

And here choose I : joy be the consequence !

Merchant of Venice, 3. 2. 107.

And, Benedick, love on ; I will requite thee,

Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand.

Much Ado about Nothing, 3. 1. 111.

"The Course of True Love"

This is the very ecstasy of love.

Hamlet, 2. 1. 102.

What says Silvia to my suit ?

Two Gentlemen of Verona, 5. 2. 1.

Hence, bashful cunning !

And prompt me, plain and holy innocence !

I am your wife, if you will marry me.

Tempest, 3. 1. 81.

O love,

Be moderate ; allay thy ecstasy ;

In measure rein thy joy ; scant this excess.

I feel too much thy blessing : make it less,

For fear I surfeit.

Merchant of Venice, 3. 2. 111.

For at Saint Mary's chapel presently

The rites of marriage shall be solemnized.

King John, 2. 1. 538.

L' Envoy.

Is it thy will thy image should keep open

My heavy eyelids to the weary night ?

Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,

While shadows like to thee do mock my sight ?

Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee

So far from home into my deeds to pry,

The Lovers' Shakspeare

To find out shames and idle hours in me,
The scope and tenour of thy jealousy ?
O, no! thy love, though much, is not so great :
It is my love that keeps mine eye awake ;
Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat,
To play the watchman ever for thy sake :
For thee watch I whilst thou dost wake elsewhere,
From me far off, with others all too near.

Sonnet L.XI.





II

“ LOVE-IN-IDLENESS ”

Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell :
 It fell upon a little western flower,
 Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,
 And maidens call it love-in-idleness.

Midsummer-Night's Dream, 2. 1. 165.

I am angling now,
 Though you perceive me not how I give line.

Winter's Tale, 1. 2. 180.

They do it but in mocking merriment ;
 And mock for mock is only my intent.

Love's Labour's Lost, 5. 2. 139.

Bait the hook well ; this fish will bite.

Much Ado about Nothing, 2. 3. 114.

The Lovers' Shakspeare

Let me see ; what think you of falling in love ?

As You Like It, 1. 2. 27.

I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,

Through bog, through bush, through brake, through
brier.

Midsummer-Night's Dream, 3. 1. 109.

Anne. Now, master Slender, —

Slcn. Now, good mistress Anne.

Merry Wives of Windsor, 3. 4. 56.

Saint Denis to Saint Cupid !

Love's Labour's Lost, 5. 2. 87.

Saint Cupid, then ! and, soldiers, to the field !

Love's Labour's Lost, 4. 3. 366.

Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight
With hearts more proof than shields.

Coriolanus, 1. 4. 24.

Come, woo me, woo me, for now I am in a holi-
day humour and like enough to consent.

As You Like It, 4. 1. 68.

God bless my ladies ! are they all in love ?

Love's Labour's Lost, 2. 1. 77.

I had rather than forty shillings I had my Book of
Songs and Sonnets here.

Merry Wives of Windsor, 1. 1. 205.

“ *Love-in-Idleness* ”

He capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he
writes verses, he speaks holiday, he smells April and
May.

Merry Wives of Windsor, 3. 2. 68.

Did not I dance with you in Brabant once ?

Love's Labour's Lost, 2. 1. 114.

I fear, I fear 't will prove a troublous world.

Richard III, 2. 3. 5.

For revels, dances, masks and merry hours
Forerun fair Love, strewing her way with flowers.

Love's Labour's Lost, 4. 3. 379.

That same Biron I 'll torture ere I go :
O that I knew he were but in by the week !
How I would make him fawn and beg and seek
And wait the season and observe the times
And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhymes
And shape his service wholly to my behests
And make him proud to make me proud that jests !

Love's Labour's Lost, 5. 2. 60.

I 'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,
And deck my body in gay ornaments,
And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.

3 Henry VI, 3. 2. 148.

The Lovers' Shakspeare

Thus hath the candle singed the moth.
O, these deliberate fools ! when they do choose,
They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

Merchant of Venice, 2. 9. 79.

But we are soldiers ;
And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love !
Troilus and Cressida, 1. 3. 286.

How it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a
scarf !

As You Like It, 5. 2. 22.

The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen
As is the razor's edge invisible.
Love's Labour's Lost, 5. 2. 256.

I speak to thee plain soldier : if thou canst love me
for this, take me ; if not, to say to thee that I shall
die, is true ; but for thy love, by the Lord, no ; yet
I love thee too.

Henry V, 5. 2. 156.

For these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme
themselves into ladies' favours, they do always reason
themselves out again.

Henry V, 5. 2. 163.

“ Love-in-Idleness ”

The door is open, sir ; there lies your way ;
You may be jogging whiles your boots are green.

Taming of the Shrew, 3. 2. 212.

He 'll say in Troy when he retires,
The Grecian dames are sunburnt and not worth
The splinter of a lance.

Troilus and Cressida, 1. 3. 281.

Whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer, another
knocks at the door.

Merchant of Venice, 1. 2. 147.

We know each other's faces,
But for our hearts, he knows no more of mine,
Than I of yours.

Richard III, 3. 4. 10.

How shall I feast him ? what bestow of him ?
For youth is bought more oft than begg'd or borrow'd.

Twelfth Night, 3. 4. 2.

Be kind and courteous to this gentleman ;
Hop in his walks and gambol in his eyes ;
Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries.

Midsummer-Night's Dream, 3. 1. 167.

To her I go, a jolly thriving wooer.

Richard III, 4. 3. 43.

The Lovers' Shakspeare

I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows,
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses and with eglantine.

Midsummer-Night's Dream, 2. 1. 249.

Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms
Such as will enter at a lady's ear
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?

Henry V, 5. 2. 99.

My mind presageth happy gain and conquest.

3 Henry VI, 5. 1. 71.

Wind away,
Begone, I say,
I will not to wedding with thee.

As You Like It, 3. 3. 105.

I know a lady in Venice would have walked bare-foot to Palestine for a touch of his nether lip.

Othello, 4. 3. 38.

He was more than over shoes in love.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, 1. 1. 24.

Anne.

Was he mad, sir?

Sands. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too.

Henry VIII, 1. 4. 27.

“ *Love-in-Idleness* ”

Give me mine angle ; we 'll to the river : there,
My music playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-finn'd fishes ; my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws ; and, as I draw them up,
I 'll think them every one an Antony,
And say, ‘ Ah, ha ! you 're caught.’

Antony and Cleopatra, 2. 5. 10.

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burn'd on the water : the poop was beaten gold ;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
The winds were love-sick with them ; the oars were
silver,
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water which they beat to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description.

Antony and Cleopatra, 2. 2. 196.

I dance attendance here.

Richard III, 3. 7. 56.

The day shall not be up so soon as I,
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow.

King John, 5. 5. 21.

Meet with me
Upon the rising of the mountain-foot.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, 5. 2. 45

The Lovers' Shakspeare

The interim is mine.

Hamlet, 5. 2. 73.

Here is her picture : let me see ; I think,
If I had such a tire, this face of mine
Were full as lovely as is this of hers :
And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,
Unless I flatter with myself too much.
Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow :
If that be all the difference in his love,
I'll get me such a colour'd periwig.
Her eyes are grey as glass, and so are mine :
Ay, but her forehead 's low, and mine 's as high.
What should it be that he respects in her
But I can make respective in myself,
If this fond Love were not a blinded god ?

Two Gentlemen of Verona, 4. 4. 189.

Let it work ;
For 't is the sport to have the engineer
Hoist with his own petar : and 't shall go hard
But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow them at the moon.

Hamlet, 3. 4. 205.

Encounters mounted are
Against your peace.

Love's Labour's Lost, 5. 2. 82.

“Love-in-Idleness”

Love no man in good earnest ; nor no further in
sport neither than with safety of a pure blush thou
mayst in honour come off again.

As You Like It, 1. 2. 30.

What is in Silvia's face, but I may spy
More fresh in Julia's with a constant eye ?

Two Gentlemen of Verona, 5. 4. 114.

That very time I saw, but thou couldst not,
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd : a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal throned by the west,
And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts ;
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the watery moon,
And the imperial votaress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.

Midsummer-Night's Dream, 2. 1. 155.

Why, this is very midsummer madness.

Twelfth Night, 3. 4. 61.

Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle.

King Lear, 2. 2. 163.

Who are the violets now
That strew the green lap of the new come spring ?

Richard II, 5. 2. 46

The Lovers' Shakspeare

Where the bee sucks, there suck I :
In a cowslip's bell I lie ;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.

Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Tempest, 5. 1. 88.

He wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat ; it
ever changes with the next block.

Much Ado about Nothing, 1. 1. 75.

She is fair ; and so is Julia that I love —
That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd ;
Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,
Bears no impression of the thing it was.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, 2. 4. 199.

O, she knew well
Thy love did read by rote, and could not spell.

Romeo and Juliet, 2. 3. 87.

At first I did adore a twinkling star,
But now I worship a celestial sun.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, 2. 6. 9.

Lysander riddles very prettily.

Midsummer-Night's Dream, 2. 2. 53.

“ *Love-in-Idleness* ”

O, you are a flattering boy : now I see you'll be
a courtier.

Merry Wives of Windsor, 3. 2. 7.

We men may say more, swear more : but indeed
Our shows are more than will ; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Twelfth Night, 2. 4. 119.

By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever women spoke.

Midsummer-Night's Dream, 1. 1. 175.

Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken ? young men's love then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Jesu Maria, what a deal of brine
Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline !
How much salt water thrown away in waste,
To season love, that of it doth not taste !
The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,
Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears ;
Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet :
If e'er thou wast thyself and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline :
And art thou changed ? pronounce this sentence then,
Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

Romeo and Juliet, 2. 3. 66.

The Lovers' Shakspeare

Even as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by strength drives out another,
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, 2. 4. 192.

I do repent

The tedious minutes I with her have spent.
Not Hermia but Helena I love.

Midsummer-Night's Dream, 2. 2. 111.

I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

Romeo and Juliet, 2. 3. 46.

Love bade me swear and Love bids me forswear.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, 2. 6. 6.

What visions have I seen!

Methought I was enamour'd of an ass.

Midsummer-Night's Dream, 4. 1. 81.

But I shall laugh at this a twelve-month hence.

Richard III, 3. 2. 57.

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,

Men were deceivers ever,

One foot in sea and one on shore,

To one thing constant never.

Much Ado about Nothing, 2. 3. 64.

I will be married to a wealthy widow,

Ere three days pass.

Taming of the Shrew, 4. 2. 37.

“ *Love-in-Idleness* ”

O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults
Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year !
Merry Wives of Windsor, 3. 4. 32.

Is not Love a Hercules,
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides ?
Love's Labour's Lost, 4. 3. 340.

Since that respects of fortune are his love,
I shall not be his wife.
King Lear, 1. 1. 251.

A thousand more mischances than this one
Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.
Two Gentlemen of Verona, 5. 3. 3.

To make a hazard of new fortunes here.
King John, 2. 1. 71.

Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going,
But bid farewell, and go.
Antony and Cleopatra, 1. 3. 32.

Let us make an honourable retreat ; though not
with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage.
As You Like It, 3. 2. 169.

Or I am mad, or else this is a dream :
Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep ;
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep !
Twelfth Night, 4. 1. 65.

'The Lovers' Shakspeare

Titania waked and straightway loved an ass.

Midsummer-Night's Dream, 3. 2. 34.

Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,
That I may see my shadow as I pass.

Richard III, 1. 2. 263.

Considers she my possessions ?

Two Gentlemen of Verona, 5. 2. 25.

Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

Twelfth Night, 1. 3. 22.

The worst fault you have is to be in love.

As You Like It, 3. 2. 299.

I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books.

Much Ado about Nothing, 1. 1. 78.

A substitute shines brightly as a king
Until a king be by.

Merchant of Venice, 5. 1. 94.

The wind is northerly.

Hamlet, 5. 2. 98.

Construe my speeches better, if you may.

Love's Labour's Lost, 5. 2. 341.

I'll tarry no longer with you : farewell, good Signior
Love.

As You Like It, 3. 2. 309.

“ *Love-in-Idleness* ”

I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

Merchant of Venice, 1. 2. 97.

I hold it fit that we shake hands and part.

Hamlet, 1. 5. 128.

If I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part
from thee yet.

King Lear, 1. 4. 43.

Was ever feather so lightly blown to and fro ?

2 Henry VI, 4. 8. 57.

Look'd he or red or pale, or sad or merrily ?

Comedy of Errors, 4. 2. 4.

My cue is villanous melancholy, with a sigh like
Tom o' Bedlam.

King Lear, 1. 2. 147.

Did her grandsire leave her seven hundred pound ?

Merry Wives of Windsor, 1. 1. 59.

Slén. I know the young gentlewoman ; she has
good gifts.

Evans. Seven hundred pounds and possibilities is
goot gifts.

Merry Wives of Windsor, 1. 1. 65.

I heard a bird so sing.

2 Henry IV, 5. 5. 113.

The Lovers' Shakspeare

You would be another Penelope: yet, they say,
all the yarn she spun in Ulysses' absence did but fill
Ithaca full of moths.

Coriolanus, 1. 3. 92.

There was a lady once, 't is an old story,
That would not be a queen, that would she not,
For all the mud in Egypt: have you heard it?

Henry VIII, 2. 3. 90.

God match me with a good dancer!

Much Ado about Nothing, 2. 1. 111.

Pester'd with a popinjay.

1 *Henry IV*, 1. 3. 50.

If I can remember thee, I will think of thee at
court.

All 's Well that Ends Well, 1. 1. 202.

He is a proper man's picture, but, alas, who can
converse with a dumb-show?

Merchant of Venice, 1. 2. 77.

I cannot flatter and speak fair,
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive and cog,
Duck with French nods and apish courtesy.

Richard III, 1. 3. 47.

Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my
sight: I had as lief be wooed of a snail.

As You Like it, 4. 1. 51.

“ *Love-in-Idleness* ”

Teach not thy lips such scorn, for they were made
For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.

Richard III, 1. 2. 172.

I think there be six Richmonds in the field.

Richard III, 5. 4. 11.

What are you made of? you 'll nor fight nor fly.

2 Henry VI, 5. 2. 74.

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve.

Midsummer-Night's Dream, 5. 1. 370.

Orl. What were his marks?

Ros. A lean cheek, which you have not, a blue eye and sunken, which you have not, an unquestionable spirit, which you have not, a beard neglected, which you have not; but I pardon you for that, for simply your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue: then your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied and everything about you demonstrating a careless desolation; but you are no such man; you are rather point-device in your accoutrements as loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other.

As You Like It, 3. 2. 391.

Nay, an thou canst not smile as the wind sits,
thou 'lt catch cold shortly.

King Lear, 1. 4. 112.

The Lovers' Shakspeare

I was never so be-rhymed since Pythagoras' time,
that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember.

As You Like It, 3. 2. 186.

To leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall somewhat into a slower method.

Richard III, 1. 2. 113.

You may as soon make her that you love believe it;
which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess
she does : that is one of the points in the which
women still give the lie to their consciences.

As You Like It, 3. 2. 406.

Thu. Why, this it is to be a peevish girl,
That flies her fortune when it follows her.

I'll after, more to be revenged on Eglamour

Than for the love of reckless Silvia.

[*Exit.*

Pro. And I will follow, more for Silvia's love

Than hate of Eglamour that goes with her.

[*Exit.*

Ful. And I will follow, more to cross that love

Than hate for Silvia that is gone for love.

[*Exit.*

Two Gentlemen of Verona, 5. 2. 49.

Into the pleached bower,
Where honeysuckles, ripen'd by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter.

Much Ado about Nothing, 3. 1. 7.

"Love-in-Idleness"

Behind the tuft of pines.

Winter's Tale, 2. 1. 34.

We have received your letters full of love ;
Your favours, the ambassadors of love ;
And, in our maiden council, rated them
At courtship, pleasant jest and courtesy,
As bombast and as lining to the time :
But more devout than this in our respects
Have we not been ; and therefore met your loves
In their own fashion, like a merriment.

Love's Labour's Lost, 5. 2. 787.

God be wi' you : let's meet as little as we can.

As You Like It, 3. 2. 273.

If we do meet again, why, we shall smile ;
If not, why then, this parting was well made.

Julius Caesar, 5. 1. 118.

But see, while idly I stood looking on,
I found the effect of love in idleness.

Taming of the Shrew, 1. 1. 155.

Courteous lord, one word.

Sir, you and I must part, but that's not it ;
Sir, you and I have lov'd, but there's not it ;
That you know well : something it is I would, —
O, my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten.

Antony and Cleopatra, 1. 3. 86

The Lovers' Shakspeare

Our wooing doth not end like an old play ;
Jack hath not Jill : these ladies' courtesy
Might well have made our sport a comedy.

Love's Labour's Lost, 5. 2. 884.

L' Envoy.

Alas, 't is true I have gone here and there
And made myself a motley to the view,
Gored mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most
 dear,
Made old offences of affections new ;
Most true it is that I have look'd on truth
Askance and strangely : but, by all above,
These blenches gave my heart another youth,
And worse essays proved thee my best of love.
Now all is done, have what shall have no end :
Mine appetite I never more will grind
On newer proof, to try an older friend,
A god in love, to whom I am confined.
 Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best,
 Even to thy pure and most most loving breast.

Sonnet CX





III

“THERE WAS A MAN, —”

The very pink of courtesy.

Romeo and Juliet, 2. 4. 61.

The mirror of all courtesy.

Henry VIII, 2. 1. 53.

A lord to a lord, a man to a man ; stuffed with all
honourable virtues.

Much Ado about Nothing, 1. 1. 56.

Ay, every inch a king.

King Lear, 4. 6. 109.

A merrier man,

Within the limit of becoming mirth,

I never spent an hour's talk withal.

Love's Labour's Lost, 2. 1. 66.

The Lovers' Shakspeare

My picked man of countries.

King John, 1. 1. 193.

From the crown of his head to the sole of his foot,
he is all mirth : he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's
bowstring and the little hangman dare not shoot at
him ; he hath a heart as sound as a bell and his tongue
is the clapper, for what his heart thinks his tongue
speaks.

Much Ado about Nothing, 3. 2. 9.

Of many good I think him best.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, 1. 2. 21.

He is as full of valour as of kindness ;
Princely in both.

Henry V, 4. 3. 15.

A true knight.

Troilus and Cressida, 4. 5. 96.

A constant, loving, noble nature.

Othello, 2. 1. 298.

I think there 's never a man in Christendom
That can less hide his love or hate than he ;
For by his face straight shall you know his heart.

Richard III, 3. 4. 53.

'T is he, I ken the manner of his gait ;
He rises on the toe : that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Troilus and Cressida, 4. 5. 14.

“ *There was a man, —* ”

There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple.

Tempest, 1. 2. 457.

O miracle of men !

2 Henry IV, 2. 3. 33.

His worth is warrant for his welcome hither.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, 2. 4. 102.

And he is

A man worth any woman, overbuys me

Almost the sum he pays.

Cymbeline, 1. 1. 146.

A very honest-hearted fellow.

King Lear, 1. 4. 20.

The kindest man,

The best condition'd and unwearied spirit

In doing courtesies.

Merchant of Venice, 3. 2. 294.

He is complete in feature and in mind

With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, 2. 4. 73.

He hath a tear for pity and a hand

Open as day for melting charity :

Yet notwithstanding, being incensed, he's flint,

As humorous as winter and as sudden

As flaws congealed in the spring of day.

2 Henry IV, 4. 4. 31.

The Lovers' Shakspeare

He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart.

King John, 4. 1. 88.

Half all men's hearts are his.

Cymbeline, 1. 6. 168.

He doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus.

Julius Caesar, 1. 2. 135.

His nature is too noble for the world :
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for 's power to thunder. His heart's his
mouth.

Coriolanus, 3. 1. 255.

A knight well-spoken, neat and fine.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, 1. 2. 10.

The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
The observed of all observers !

Hamlet, 3. 1. 161.

Thou art a gentleman and well derived.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, 5. 4. 146.

I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman.

Merchant of Venice, 3. 2. 257.

A bachelor, a handsome stripling too.

Richard III, 1. 3. 101.

“ *There was a man, —* ”

Framed in the prodigality of nature,
Young, valiant, wise.

Richard III, 1. 2. 244.

He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
More than a mortal seeming.

Cymbeline, 1. 6. 170.

'T was a good sensible fellow.

Merry Wives of Windsor, 2. 1. 151.

A kind heart he hath : a woman would run through
fire and water for such a kind heart.

Merry Wives of Windsor, 3. 4. 106.

This is he that moves both wind and tide.

3 Henry VI, 3. 3. 48.

This was the noblest Roman of them all.

Julius Cæsar, 5. 5. 68.

He is a soldier fit to stand by Cæsar
And give direction.

Othello, 2. 3. 127.

A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd ;
Well fitted in arts, glorious in arms :
Nothing becomes him ill that he would well.

Love's Labour's Lost, 2. 1. 44.

He, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked
upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

Merchant of Venice, 1. 2. 129.

The Lovers' Shakspeare

I do not think a braver gentleman,
More active-valiant or more valiant-young,
More daring or more bold, is now alive.

1 Henry IV, 5. 1. 89.

See, what a grace was seated on this brow ;
Hyperion's curls ; the front of Jove himself ;
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command ;
A station like the herald Mercury,
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill ;
A combination and a form indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man.

Hamlet, 3. 4. 55.

Some merry mocking lord, belike ; is't so ?

Love's Labour's Lost, 2. 1. 52.

He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber.

Richard III, 1. 1. 12.

Sir Smile.

Winter's Tale, 1. 2. 196.

¶

O, he smiles valiantly.

Troilus and Cressida, 1. 2. 137.

Why, this is he

That kiss'd his hand away in courtesy.

Love's Labour's Lost, 5. 2. 323.

“ *There was a man,—* ”

Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue !

Tempest, 2. 1. 23.

He is every man in no man ; if a throstle sing, he falls straight a capering : he will fence with his own shadow : if I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands.

Merchant of Venice, 1. 2. 64.

There was a man —

Winter's Tale, 2. 1. 29.

God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man.

Merchant of Venice, 1. 2. 60.

Is he of God's making ?

As You Like It, 3. 2. 216.

Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men.

Macbeth, 3. 1. 92.

A milk-sop, one that never in his life
Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow.

Richard III, 5. 3. 325.

I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips let no dog bark !

Merchant of Venice, 1. 1. 93.

This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd.

Taming of the Shrew, 4. 5. 43.

The Lovers' Shakspeare

He is Cupid's grandfather.

Love's Labour's Lost, 2. 1. 254.

He's fat, and scant of breath.

Hamlet, 5. 2. 298.

A goodly portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent.

1 Henry IV, 2. 4. 464.

But one puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms
to hornpipes.

Winter's Tale, 4. 3. 46.

Lord of thy presence and no land beside.

King John, 1. 1. 137.

A soldier,

Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth.

As You Like It, 2. 7. 149.

He that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots
at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife,
'Fie upon this quiet life ! I want work.'

1 Henry IV, 2. 4. 115.

Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanour !

2 Henry VI, 3. 2. 210.

He is a very valiant trencher-man.

Much Ado about Nothing, 1. 1. 51.

“ *There was a man, —* ”

A looker on here in Vienna.

Measure for Measure, 5. 1. 319.

Does he not hold up his head, as it were, and strut in his gait ?

Merry Wives of Windsor, 1. 4. 30.

I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany and his behaviour everywhere.

Merchant of Venice, 1. 2. 79.

What hempen home-spuns have we swaggering here ?

Midsummer-Night's Dream, 3. 1. 79.

He doth nothing but talk of his horse.

Merchant of Venice, 1. 2. 44.

A motley fool.

As You Like It, 2. 7. 13.

Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

Timon of Athens, 4. 3. 363.

This is a slight unmeritable man,

Meet to be sent on errands.

Julius Cæsar, 4. 1. 12.

Why, he's a man of wax.

Romeo and Juliet, 1. 3. 76.

Here's a fellow frights English out of his wits.

Merry Wives of Windsor, 2. 1. 142.

The Lovers' Shakspeare

This is some fellow,
Who, having been praised for bluntness, doth affect
A saucy roughness, and constrains the garb
Quite from his nature : he cannot flatter, he,
An honest mind and plain, he must speak truth !
An they will take it, so ; if not, he 's plain.

King Lear, 2. 2. 101.

A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles.

Winter's Tale, 4. 3. 26.

A notable lubber.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, 2. 5. 47.

That ever this fellow should have fewer words than
a parrot, and yet the son of a woman !

Henry IV, 2. 4. 110.

Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
As if he mock'd himself and scorn'd his spirit
That could be moved to smile at any thing.

Julius Cæsar, 1. 2. 205.

I protest, the schoolmaster is exceeding fantastical;
too too vain, too too vain.

Love's Labour's Lost, 5. 2. 531.

He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer
than the staple of his argument.

Love's Labour's Lost, 5. 1. 18.

“ *There was a man,—* ”

Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings-forth, and he shall appear to the envious a scholar, a statesman and a soldier.

Measure for Measure, 3. 2. 152.

O, he is as tedious

As a tired horse, a railing wife ;
Worse than a smoky house : I had rather live
With cheese and garlic in a windmill, far,
Than feed on cates and have him talk to me
In any summer-house in Christendom.

1 *Henry IV*, 3. 1. 159.

A hungry lean-faced villain,

A mere anatomy.

Comedy of Errors, 5. 1. 238.

How like a fawning publican he looks !

Merchant of Venice, 1. 3. 42.

A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedness.

All's Well that Ends Well, 3. 2. 89.

A king of shreds and patches.

Hamlet, 3. 4. 102.

A slipper and subtle knave.

Othello, 2. 1. 246.

A mad-cap ruffian and a swearing Jack,

Taming of the Shrew, 2. 1. 290.

· *The Lovers' Shakspeare*

One that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop
of allaying Tiber in 't.

Coriolanus, 2. 1. 52.

Thou subtle, perjured, false, disloyal man !

Two Gentlemen of Verona, 4. 2. 95.

'T is but a peevish boy.

As You Like It, 3. 5. 110.

Lord Angelo is precise ;
Stands at a guard with envy ; scarce confesses
'That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than stone.

Measure for Measure, 1. 3. 50.

A man whose blood
Is very snow-broth.

Measure for Measure, 1. 4. 57.

A resolved villain.

King John, 5. 6. 29.

He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom.

3 Henry VI, 3. 2. 83.

A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood !

Romeo and Juliet, 4. 4. 13.

This Triton of the minnows.

Coriolanus, 3. 1. 89.

A kissing traitor.

Love's Labour's Lost, 5. 2. 604.

“ *There was a man,—* ”

Why, I can smile, and murder whiles I smile,
And cry ‘Content’ to that which grieves my heart,
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
And frame my face to all occasions.

3 *Henry VI*, 3. 2. 182.

An inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.

Merchant of Venice, 4. 1. 4.

A peevish schoolboy.

Julius Cæsar, 5. 1. 61.

What, is the man lunatic ?

Taming of the Shrew, 5. 1. 74.

One of these same dumb wise men.

Merchant of Venice, 1. 1. 106.

Thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward !
Thou little valiant, great in villany !
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side !
Thou Fortune’s champion that dost never fight
But when her humorous ladyship is by
To teach thee safety !

King John, 3. 1. 115.

One out of suits with fortune.

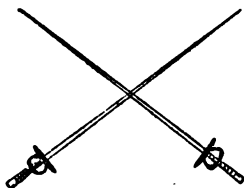
As You Like It, 1. 2. 258.

The Lovers' Shakspeare

L' Envoy.

What is your substance, whereof are you made,
That millions of strange shadows on you tend ?
Since every one hath, every one, one shade,
And you, but one, can every shadow lend.
Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit
Is poorly imitated after you ;
On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set,
And you in Grecian tires are painted new :
Speak of the spring and foison of the year ;
The one doth shadow of your beauty show,
The other as your bounty doth appear ;
And you in every blessed shape we know.
In all external grace you have some part,
But you like none, none you, for constant heart.

Sonnet L





IV

“SHE IS A WOMAN”

She's beautiful and therefore to be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore to be won.

1 Henry VI, 5. 3. 77.

Is she kind as she is fair?

Two Gentlemen of Verona, 4. 2. 44.

‘Fair, kind, and true,’ have often lived alone,
Which three till now never kept seat in one.

Sonnet CV.

Jac. What stature is she of?

Orl. Just as high as my heart.

As You Like It, 3. 2. 285.

The Lovers' Shakspeare

She's a most exquisite lady.

Othello, 2. 3. 18.

A maiden never bold.

Othello, 1. 3. 94.

Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep.

Antony and Cleopatra, 1. 1. 49.

You have seen
Sunshine and rain at once : her smiles and tears
Were like a better way : those happy smilets,
That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know
What guests were in her eyes.

King Lear, 4. 3. 19.

In mine eye she is the sweetest lady that ever I
looked on.

Much Ado about Nothing, 1. 1. 189.

Her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece.

Merchant of Venice, 1. 1. 169.

She is a dainty one.

Henry VIII, 1. 4. 94.

She has brown hair, and speaks small like a woman.

Merry Wives of Windsor, 1. 1. 48.

Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman ?
Such war of white and red within her cheeks !

Taming of the Shrew, 4. 5. 29.

"She is a Woman"

Of Nature's gifts thou mayst with lilies boast
And with the half-blown rose.

King John, 3. 1. 53.

'T is beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on.

Twelfth Night, 1. 5. 257.

O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright !

Romeo and Juliet, 1. 5. 46.

Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.
Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel.

Henry VIII, 4. 1. 43.

A ministering angel.

Hamlet, 5. 1. 264.

But you, O you,
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best !

Tempest, 3. 1. 46.

I hold you as a thing ensky'd and sainted.

Measure for Measure, 1. 4. 34.

Was this the idol that you worship so ?

Two Gentlemen of Verona, 2. 4. 144.

A virtuous gentlewoman, mild and beautiful !

Two Gentlemen of Verona, 4. 4. 185.

The Lovers' Shakspeare

Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one, there must be something else
Pawn'd with the other, for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.

Merchant of Venice, 3, 5. 84.

She was a charmer, and could almost read
The thoughts of people.

Othello, 3. 4. 57.

She is an earthly paragon.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, 2. 4. 146.

Women will love her, that she is a woman
More worth than any man ; men, that she is
The rarest of all women.

Winter's Tale, 5. 1. 110.

A worthy lady
And one whom much I honour.

Winter's Tale, 2. 2. 5.

For patience she will prove a second Grissel,
Taming of the Shrew, 2. 1. 297.

Good sooth, she is
The queen of curds and cream.

Winter's Tale, 4. 4. 160.

She dances featly.

Winter's Tale, 4. 4. 176.

“ *She is a Woman* ”

She hath prosperous art
When she will play with reason and discourse,
And well she can persuade.

Measure for Measure, 1. 2. 189.

She is too disdainful ;
I know her spirits are as coy and wild
As haggerds of the rock.

Much Ado about Nothing, 3. 1. 34.

What, my dear Lady Disdain! are you yet living ?
Much Ado about Nothing, 1. 1. 119.

Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes.
Much Ado about Nothing, 3. 1. 51.

Nature never framed a woman's heart
Of prouder stuff.
Much Ado about Nothing, 3. 1. 49.

Here's a dish I love not : I cannot endure my
Lady Tongue.
Much Ado about Nothing, 2. 1. 283.

Methinks I could
Cry the amen ; and yet my conscience says
She's a good creature.
Henry VIII, 5. 1. 23.

She's as hard as steel.
Two Gentlemen of Verona, 1. 1. 149.

The Lovers' Shakspeare

She was a vixen when she went to school ;
And though she be but little, she is fierce.

Midsummer-Night's Dream, 3. 2. 324.

Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still conversation.

Antony and Cleopatra, 2. 6. 130.

Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman.

King Lear, 5. 3. 272.

In Belmont is a lady richly left.

Merchant of Venice, 1. 1. 161.

And many Jasons come in quest of her.

Merchant of Venice, 1. 1. 172.

She bears a duke's revenues on her back.

2 Henry VI, 1. 3. 83.

There, at the moated grange, resides this dejected
Mariana.

Measure for Measure, 3. 1. 276.

Like Niobe, all tears.

Hamlet, 1. 2. 149.

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety : other women cloy
The appetites they feed ; but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies.

Antony and Cleopatra, 2. 2. 240.

"She is a Woman"

L' Envoy.

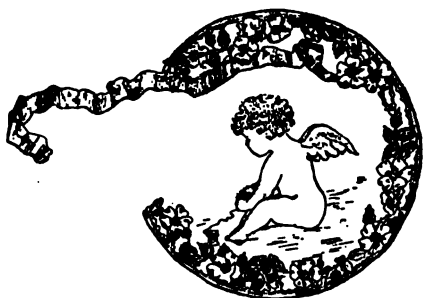
The forward violet thus did I chide :
Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet that
smells,

If not from my love's breath? The purple pride
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dyed.
The lily I condemned for thy hand,
And buds of marjoram had stol'n thy hair :
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
One blushing shame, another white despair ;
A third, nor red nor white, had stol'n of both
And to his robbery had annex'd thy breath ;
But, for his theft, in pride of all his growth
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.

More flowers I noted, yet I none could see
But sweet or colour it had stol'n from thee.

Sonnet XCIX.





V

“I WILL LIVE A BACHELOR”

Go to, i' faith; an thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it and sigh away Sundays.

Much Ado about Nothing, 1. 1. 202.

I will live a bachelor.

Much Ado about Nothing, 1. 1. 248.

D. Pedro. I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love.

Bene. With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my lord, not with love. Prove that ever I lose more blood with love than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen and hang me up for the sign of blind Cupid.

Much Ado about Nothing, 1. 1. 249.

" I will live a Bachelor "

No, do thy worst, blind Cupid ; I'll not love.

King Lear, 4. 6. 140.

A young man married is a man that 's marr'd.

All's Well that Ends Well, 2. 3. 315.

But it is certain I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted : and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart ; for, truly, I love none.

Much Ado about Nothing, 1. 1. 125.

As from a bear a man would run for life,

So fly I from her that would be my wife.

Comedy of Errors, 3. 2. 159.

I will not be sworn but love may transform me to an oyster ; but I'll take my oath on it, till he hath made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair, yet I am well ; another is wise, yet I am well ; another virtuous, yet I am well ; but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that 's certain ; wise, or I'll none ; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her ; fair, or I'll never look on her ; mild, or come not near me ; noble, or not I for an angel ; of good discourse, an excellent musician and her hair shall be of what colour it please God.

Much Ado about Nothing, 2. 3. 24.

The Lovers' Shakspeare

I do much wonder that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn by falling in love.

Much Ado about Nothing, 2. 3. 7.

This very day,
Great Mars, I put myself into thy file :
Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall prove
A lover of thy drum, hater of love.

All's Well that Ends Well, 3. 3. 8.

I care not for her, I.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, 5. 4. 132.

And I to sigh for her ! to watch for her !
To pray for her ! Go to ; it is a plague
That Cupid will impose for my neglect
Of his almighty dreadful little might.

Love's Labour's Lost, 3. 1. 202.

When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme ?
Or groan for love ? or spend a minute's time
In pruning me ? When shall you hear that I
Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,
A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist,
A leg, a limb ?

Love's Labour's Lost, 4. 3. 181.

" I will live a Bachelor "

What, do I love her,
That I desire to hear her speak again,
And feast upon her eyes ?

Measure for Measure, 2. 2. 177.

If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain ; if I do
not love her, I am a Jew. I will go get her picture.

Much Ado about Nothing, 2. 3. 271.

I will not love : if I do, hang me ; i' faith, I will
not. O, but her eye, — by this light, but for her
eye, I would not love her ; yes, for her two eyes.
Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in
my throat. By heaven, I do love : and it hath
taught me to rhyme and to be melancholy.

Love's Labour's Lost, 4. 3. 8.

I am he that is so love-shaked : I pray you, tell
me your remedy.

As You Like It, 3. 2. 385.

But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
I would not my unhoused free condition
Put into circumscription and confine
For the sea's worth.

Othello, 1. 2. 25.

And I, forsooth, in love ! I, that have been love's
whip !

Love's Labour's Lost, 3. 1. 175.

The Lovers' Shakspeare

I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants
of wit broken on me, because I have railed so long
against marriage : but doth not the appetite alter ?

Much Ado about Nothing, 2. 3. 244.

Is 't come to this ? In faith, hath not the world
one man but he will wear his cap with suspicion ?
Shall I never see a bachelor of three-score again ?

Much Ado about Nothing, 1. 1. 199.

In brief, since I do purpose to marry, I will think
nothing to any purpose that the world can say against
it ; and therefore never flout at me for what I have
said against it ; for man is a giddy thing, and this is
my conclusion.

Much Ado about Nothing, 5. 4. 105.

L' Envoy.

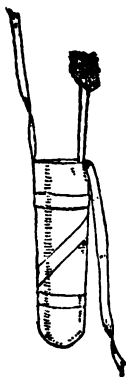
Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye
And all my soul and all my every part ;
And for this sin there is no remedy,
It is so grounded inward in my heart.
Methinks no face so gracious is as mine,
No shape so true, no truth of such account ;
And for myself mine own worth do define,
As I all other in all worths surmount.

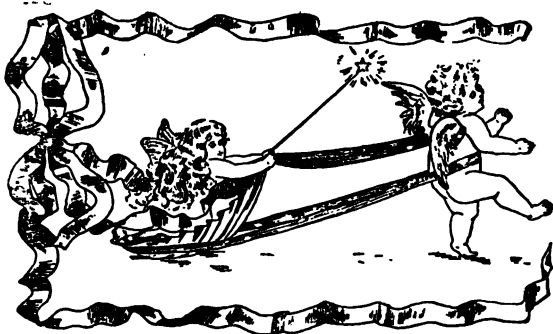
"I will live a Bachelor."

But when my glass shows me myself indeed,
Beated and chopp'd with tann'd antiquity,
Mine own self-love quite contrary I read;
Self so self-loving were iniquity.

'T is thee, myself, that for myself I praise,
Painting my age with beauty of thy days.

Sonnet LXII.





VI

“I DID NOT THINK I SHOULD LIVE
TILL I WERE MARRIED”

Here you may see Benedick the married man.

Much Ado about Nothing, 1. 1. 269.

When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not
think I should live till I were married.

Much Ado about Nothing, 2. 3. 251.

Gallants, I am not as I have been.

Much Ado about Nothing, 3. 2. 15.

Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge
with dearer love.

Measure for Measure, 3. 2. 159.

“ *I did not think I should live,*” etc.

That life is alter'd now :

I have done penance for contemning Love,
Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd me
With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,
With nightly tears and daily heart-sore sighs ;
For in revenge of my contempt of love,
Love hath chased sleep from my enthralled eyes
And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, 2. 4. 128.

Love 's a mighty lord

And hath so humbled me as I confess
There is no woe to his correction
Nor to his service no such joy on earth.
Now no discourse, except it be of love ;
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup and sleep
Upon the very naked name of Love.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, 2. 4. 136.

Shall quips and sentences and these paper bullets of
the brain awe a man from the career of his humour ?

Much Ado about Nothing, 2. 3. 248.

Ever till now,

When men were fond, I smiled and wonder'd how.

Measure for Measure, 2. 2. 186.

How dost thou, Benedick, the married man ?

Much Ado about Nothing, 5. 4. 99.

The Lovers' Shakspeare

Why, man, she is mine own,
And I as rich in having such a jewel
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar and the rocks pure gold.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, 2. 4. 168.

He is well paid that is well satisfied.

Merchant of Venice, 4. 1. 415.

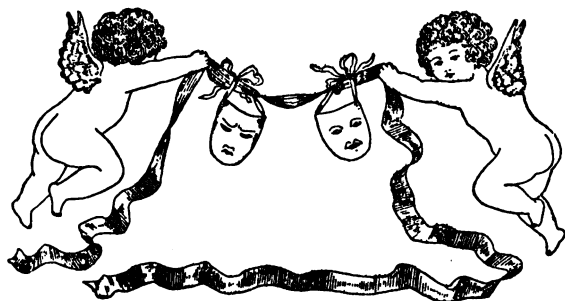
L' Envoy.

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
'Gainst whom the world could not hold argument,
Persuade my heart to this false perjury ?
Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.
A woman I forswore ; but I will prove,
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee :
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love ;
Thy grace being gain'd cures all disgrace in me.
My vow was breath, and breath a vapour is ;
Then, thou fair sun, that on this earth doth shine,
Exhale this vapour vow ; in thee it is :
If broken, then it is no fault of mine.

If by me broke, what fool is not so wise

To break an oath, to win a paradise ?

The Passionate Pilgrim, III.



VII

“SO RUNS THE WORLD AWAY”

Men are April when they woo, December when
they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but
the sky changes when they are wives.

As You Like It, 4. 1. 147.

Where are my slippers ?

Taming of the Shrew, 4. 1. 156.

Pull off my boots.

King Lear, 4. 6. 177.

'T is like you 'll prove a jolly surly groom,
That take it on you at the first so roundly.

Taming of the Shrew, 3. 2. 215.

The Lovers' Shakspeare

Where's the cook? Is supper ready, the house
trimmed, rushes strewed, cobwebs swept?

Taming of the Shrew, 4. 1. 47.

I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour dress meat and
drink, make the beds, and do all myself.

Merry Wives of Windsor, 1. 4. 101.

Sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.

Merchant of Venice, 1. 3. 111.

Why muse you, sir? 't is dinner-time.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, 2. 1. 176.

Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!

Macbeth, 3. 4. 38.

Return'd so soon! rather approach'd too late:
The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit,
The clock hath stricken twelve upon the bell;
My mistress made it one upon my cheek.

Comedy of Errors, 1. 2. 43.

She is so hot because the meat is cold;
The meat is cold because you come not home.

Comedy of Errors, 1. 2. 47.

Perhaps some merchant hath invited him
And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner.
Good sister, let us dine and never fret:
A man is master of his liberty.

Comedy of Errors, 2. 1. 4.

"So Runs the World Away"

Dro. E. But, sure, he is stark mad.

When I desired him to come home to dinner,
He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold :

' 'T is dinner-time,' quoth I ; ' My gold ! ' quoth
he :

' Your meat doth burn,' quoth I ; ' My gold ! ' quoth
he :

' Will you come home ? ' quoth I ; ' My gold ! ' quoth
he :

' Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain ? '

' The pig,' quoth I, ' is burn'd ; ' ' My gold ! ' quoth
he :

' My mistress, sir,' quoth I ; ' Hang up thy mistress !
I know not thy mistress ; out on thy mistress ! '

Luc. Quoth who ?

Dro. E. Quoth my master.

Comedy of Errors, 2. 1. 59.

Dinner, ho, dinner !

King Lear, 1. 4. 45.

'T is burnt ; and so is all the meat.

Taming of the Shrew, 4. 1. 164.

How use doth breed a habit in a man !

Two Gentlemen of Verona, 5. 4. 1.

Wife, thou art a fool.

Richard II, 5. 2. 68.

The Lovers' Shakspeare

We must both give and take, my gracious lord.

Richard III, 5. 3. 6.

Fie, how impatience loureth in your face !

Comedy of Errors, 2. 1. 86.

And then to breakfast with

What appetite you have.

Henry VIII, 3. 2. 202.

Ant. S. Tell me this I pray :

Where have you left the money that I gave you ?

Dro. E. O, — sixpence, that I had o' Wednesday
last ?

Comedy of Errors, 1. 2. 53.

He was not taken well ; he had not dined :

The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then

We pout upon the morning, are unapt

To give or to forgive ; but when we have stuff'd

These pipes and these conveyances of our blood

With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls

Than in our priest-like fasts : therefore I'll watch him

Till he be dieted to my request,

And then I'll set upon him.

Coriolanus, 5. 1. 50.

What's mine is yours and what is yours is mine.

Measure for Measure, 5. 1. 543.

"So Runs the World Away"

Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kiss.

All's Well that Ends Well, 2. 5. 91.

Gre. Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

Tra. Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.

Taming of the Shrew, 3. 2. 157.

The lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank
verse shall halt for 't.

Hamlet, 2. 2. 338.

What fashion, madam, shall I make your breeches ?

Two Gentlemen of Verona, 2. 7. 49.

As for my wife,

I would you had her spirit in such another :

The third o' the world is yours ; which with a snaffle

You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

Antony and Cleopatra, 2. 2. 61.

Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret ;

I will be master of what is mine own :

She is my goods, my chattels ; she is my house,

My household stuff, my field, my barn,

My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing ;

And here she stands, touch her whoever dare ;

I'll bring mine action on the proudest he

That stops my way in Padua.

Taming of the Shrew, 3. 2. 230.

Is't good to soothe him in these contraries ?

Comedy of Errors, 4. 4. 82.

The Lovers' Shakspeare

Alas! the sweet woman leads an ill life with him :
he 's a very jealousy man : she leads a very frampold
life with him, good heart.

Merry Wives of Windsor, 2. 2. 92.

She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat ;
Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not ;
As with the meat, some undeserved fault
I 'll find about the making of the bed ;
And here I 'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,
This way the coverlet, another way the sheets :
Ay, and amid this hurly I intend
That all is done in reverend care of her ;
And in conclusion she shall watch all night :
And if she chance to nod I 'll rail and brawl
And with the clamour keep her still awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness ;
And thus I 'll curb her mad and headstrong humour.
He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speak : 't is charity to show.

Taming of the Shrew, 4. 1. 210.

By this reckoning he is more shrew than she.

Taming of the Shrew, 4. 1. 87.

I had rather be a country servant-maid
Than a great queen, with this condition,
To be thus taunted, scorn'd, and baited at.

Richard III, 1. 3. 107.

"So Runs the World Away"

Go show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge ?
Must I observe you ? must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour ? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you ; for, from this day forth,
I 'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Julius Caesar, 4. 3. 43.

Our praises are our wages : you may ride 's
With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs ere
With spur we heat an acre.

Winter's Tale, 1. 2. 94.

Madam, I have a touch of your condition,
Which cannot brook the accent of reproof.

Richard III, 4. 4. 157.

Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful ?

Julius Caesar, 4. 3. 119.

When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

Julius Caesar, 4. 3. 116.

Achievement is command ; ungain'd, beseech.

Troilus and Cressida, 1. 2. 319.

My wife is shrewish when I keep not hours.

Comedy of Errors, 3. 1. 2.

The Lovers' Shakspeare

By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier
o' nights.

Twelfth Night, 1. 3. 4.

Where is the life that late I led ?

Taming of the Shrew, 4. 1. 143.

We must speak by the card, or equivocation will
undo us.

Hamlet, 5. 1. 148.

When clouds appear, wise men put on their cloaks.

Richard III, 2. 3. 32.

Thou wast a pretty fellow when thou hadst no
need to care for her frowning.

King Lear, 1. 4. 210.

Must strike her sail and learn a while to serve.

3 Henry VI, 3. 3. 5.

Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks ;
Be bright and jovial among your guests to-night.

Macbeth, 3. 2. 27.

These clothes are good enough to drink in ; and so
be these boots too.

Twelfth Night, 1. 3. 11.

Ourself will mingle with society,
And play the humble host.

Macbeth, 3. 4. 3.

Why do you make such faces ?

Macbeth, 3. 4. 67.

"So Runs the World Away"

Thus sometimes hath the brightest day a cloud ;
And after summer evermore succeeds
Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold :
So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.

2 Henry VI, 2. 4. 1

Forbear sharp speeches to her : she 's a lady
So tender of rebukes that words are strokes
And strokes death to her.

Cymbeline, 3. 5. 39.

No more be griev'd at that which thou hast done :
Roses have thorns.

Sonnet XXXV.

Never a wife in Windsor leads a better life than she
does : do what she will, say what she will, take all,
pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all
is as she will : and truly she deserves it ; for if there
be a kind woman in Windsor, she is one.

Merry Wives of Windsor, 2. 2. 121.

If you had been the wife of Hercules,
Six of his labours you 'ld have done, and saved
Your husband so much sweat.

Coriolanus, 4. 1. 17.

She would have made Hercules have turned spit,
yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too.

Much Ado about Nothing, 2. 1. 260.

The Lovers' Shakspeare

Is not this man jealous ?

Othello, 3. 4. 99.

That same knave Ford, her husband, hath the finest
mad devil of jealousy in him, Master Brook, that ever
governed frenzy.

Merry Wives of Windsor, 5. 1. 18.

Perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee ! and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.

Othello, 3. 3. 90.

Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy head.

Merry Wives of Windsor, 2. 1. 159.

Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind ;
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

3 *Henry VI*, 5. 6. 11.

As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad ;
And his unbookish jealousy must construe
Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures and light behaviour,
Quite in the wrong.

Othello, 4. 1. 101.

But to be paddling palms and pinching fingers
As now they are, and making practised smiles,
As in a looking glass, and then to sigh, as 't were
The mort o' the deer ; O, that is entertainment
My bosom likes not, nor my brows.

Winter's Tale, 1. 2. 115.

"So Runs the World Away"

But, soft ! my door is lock'd.

Comedy of Errors, 3. 1. 30.

Trifles light as air
Are to the jealous confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ.

Othello, 3. 3. 322.

O, beware, my lord, of jealousy ;
It is the green-eyed monster which doth mock
The meat it feeds on.

Othello, 3. 3. 165.

Farewell, revolted fair ! and, Diomed,
Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head !

Troilus and Cressida, 5. 2. 186.

See what a ready tongue suspicion hath !

2 Henry IV, 1. 1. 84.

If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself !

Othello, 3. 3. 278.

The wrong I did myself.

Winter's Tale, 5. 1. 9.

What angel shall
Bless this unworthy husband ? he cannot thrive,
Unless her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear
And loves to grant, relieve him from the wrath
Of greatest justice.

All's Well that Ends Well, 3. 4. 25.

The Lovers' Shakspeare

'Shrew my heart,
You never spoke what did become you less
Than this ; which to reiterate were sin
As deep as that, though true.

Winter's Tale, 1. 2. 281.

Being your slave, what should I do but tend
Upon the hours and times of your desire ?
I have no precious time at all to spend,
Nor services to do, till you require.
Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour
Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,
Nor think the bitterness of absence sour
When you have bid your servant once adieu ;
Nor dare I question with my jealous thought
Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,
But, like a sad slave, stay and think of nought
Save, where you are how happy you make those.

So true a fool is love that in your will,

Though you do any thing, he thinks no ill.

Sonnet LVII.

Alas, poor lady !

'T is a hard bondage to become the wife
Of a detesting lord.

All's Well that Ends Well, 3. 5. 66.

I know his eye doth homage elsewhere.

Comedy of Errors, 2. 1. 104.

“ So Runs the World Away ”

This is the very coinage of your brain.

Hamlet, 3. 4. 137.

No longer will I be a fool,
To put the finger in the eye and weep.

Comedy of Errors, 2. 2. 205.

We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,
Wives may be merry, and yet honest too :
We do not act that often jest and laugh ;
'T is old, but true, Still swine eat all the draff.

Merry Wives of Windsor, 4. 2. 102.

His company must do his minions grace,
Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.
Hath homely age the alluring beauty took
From my poor cheek ? then he hath wasted it :
Are my discourses dull ? barren my wit ?
If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,
Unkindness blunts it more than marble hard :
Do their gay vestments his affections bait ?
That's not my fault ; he's master of my state :
What ruins are in me that can be found,
By him not ruin'd ? then is he the ground
Of my defeatures. My decayed fair
A sunny look of his would soon repair :
But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale
And feeds from home : poor I am but his stale.

Comedy of Errors, 2. 1. 87.

The Lovers' Shakspeare

The time was once when thou unurg'd wouldst vow
That never words were music to thine ear,
That never object pleasing in thine eye,
That never touch well welcome to thy hand,
That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste,
Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd to
thee.

Comedy of Errors, 2. 2. 115.

It is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me ;
Which God's dew quench !

Henry VIII, 2. 4. 78.

Perforce I must confess
I thought you lord of more true gentleness.

Midsommer-Night's Dream, 2. 2. 131.

Some such squire he was
That turn'd your wit the seamy side without.

Othello, 4. 2. 145.

Thy loving voyage
Is but for two months victuall'd.

As You Like It, 5. 4. 197.

The greatest of your having lacks a half
To pay your present debts.

Timon of Athens, 2. 2. 153.

Bear your body more seeming, Audrey.

As You Like It, 5. 4. 72.

"So Runs the World Away"

If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it
To the last article : my lord shall never rest;
I'll watch him tame and talk him out of patience;
His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift;
I'll intermingle every thing he does
With Cassio's suit : therefore be merry, Cassio;
For thy solicitor shall rather die
Than give thy cause away.

Othello, 3. 3. 21.

Fie, fie! unknit that threatening unkind brow,
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor :
It blots thy beauty as frosts do bite the meads,
Confounds thy fame as whirlwinds shake fair buds,
And in no sense is meet or amiable.
A woman moved is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance commits his body
To painful labour both by sea and land,
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands
But love, fair looks and true obedience;

The Lovers' Shakspeare

Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such duty as the subject owes the prince
Even such a woman oweth to her husband ;
And when she is froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she but a foul contending rebel
And graceless traitor to her loving lord ?
I am ashamed that women are so simple
To offer war where they should kneel for peace,
Or seek for rule, supremacy and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love and obey.
Why are our bodies soft and weak and smooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions and our hearts
Should well agree with our external parts ?
Come, come, you froward and unable worms !
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
My heart as great, my reason haply more,
To bandy word for word and frown for frown ;
But now I see our lances are but straws,
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,
That seeming to be most which we indeed least are.
Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot,
And place your hands below your husband's foot :
In token of which duty, if he please,
My hand is ready ; may it do him ease.

Taming of the Shrew, 5. 2. 136.

"So Runs the World Away"

O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife!

Julius Caesar, 2. 1. 302.

Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares.

2 Henry IV, 5. 2. 58.

Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart.

Hamlet, 3. 2. 76.

Read not my blemishes in the world's report :
I have not kept my square ; but that to come
Shall all be done by the rule.

Antony and Cleopatra, 2. 3. 5.

A couple of quiet ones.

Taming of the Shrew, 3. 2. 242.

Come, madam wife, sit by my side and let the
world slip : we shall ne'er be younger.

Taming of the Shrew, Ind. 2. 145.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank !
Here will we sit and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears : soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold.

Merchant of Venice, 5. 1. 54.

The Lovers' Shakspeare

Love wrought these miracles.

Taming of the Shrew, 5. 1. 127.

Lor. In such a night
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice
As far as Belmont.

Jes. In such a night
Did young Lorenzo swear he loved her well,
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith
And ne'er a true one.

Lor. In such a night
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.
Merchant of Venice, 5. 1. 14.

He is the half part of a blessed man,
Left to be finished by such as she ;
And she a fair divided excellence,
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.
King John, 2. 1. 437.

Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine :
Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine,
Whose weakness married to thy stronger state
Makes me with thy strength to communicate.
Comedy of Errors, 2. 2. 175.

"So Runs the World Away"

I 'll buckler thee against a million.

Taming of the Shrew, 3. 2. 241.

That man i' the world who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,
For speaking false in that : thou art, alone,
If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out,
The queen of earthly queens.

Henry VIII, 2. 4. 134.

And then end life when I end loyalty!

Midsummer-Night's Dream, 2. 2. 63.

In faith, I 'll break thy little finger, Harry,
An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

1 *Henry IV*, 2. 3. 90.

When she will take the rein I let her run ;
But she 'll not stumble.

Winter's Tale, 2. 3. 51.

Come, wilt thou see me ride ?

And when I am o' horseback, I will swear
I love thee infinitely.

1 *Henry IV*, 2. 3. 103.

The Lovers' Shakspeare

Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make
Will but remember me what a deal of world
I wander from the jewels that I love.

Richard II, 1. 3. 268.

So like you, 't is the worse. Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father, eye, nose, lip,
The trick of 's frown, his forehead, nay, the valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin and cheek,
His smiles,
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger.

Winter's Tale, 2. 3. 97.

L' Envoy.

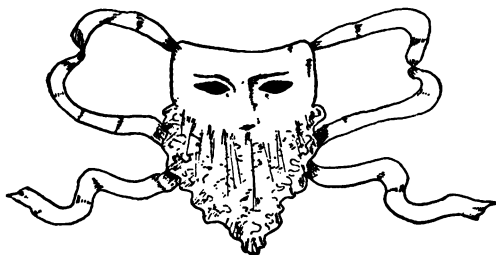
When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
Thy youth's proud livery, so gazed on now,
Will be a tatter'd weed, of small worth held:
Then being ask'd where all thy beauty lies,
Where all the treasure of thy lusty days,
To say, within thine own deep-sunken eyes,
Were an all-eating shame and thriftless praise.
How much more praise deserved thy beauty's use,

"So Runs the World Away"

If thou couldst answer 'This fair child of mine
Shall sum my count and make my old excuse,'
Proving his beauty by succession thine!

This were to be new made when thou art old,
Aud see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it cold.

Sonnet II.





VIII

“YELLOW LEAVES, OR NONE, OR FEW”

Why is Time such a niggard of hair?

Comedy of Errors, 2. 2. 78.

Time himself is bald and therefore to the world's
end will have bald followers.

Comedy of Errors, 2. 2. 107.

Which of your hips has the most profound sciatica?

Measure for Measure, 1. 2. 58.

Fal. My honest lads, I will tell you what I am
about.

Pist. Two yards, and more.

Merry Wives of Windsor, 1. 3. 42.

"Yellow Leaves, or None, or Few"

How long is 't ago, Jack, since thou sawest thine
own knee?

1 *Henry IV*, 2. 4. 359.

Leave gormandizing ; know the grave doth gape
For thee thrice wider than for other men.

2 *Henry IV*, 5. 5. 57.

Jesu, Jesu, the mad days that I have spent ! and to
see how many of mine old acquaintance are dead !

2 *Henry IV*, 3. 2. 36.

Come, let's to dinner ; come, let's to dinner : O,
the days that we have seen ! Come, come.

2 *Henry IV*, 3. 2. 232.

Fal. Between nine and ten, sayest thou ?

Quick. Eight and nine, sir.

Merry Wives of Windsor 3. 5. 54.

I will make an end of my dinner ; there's pippins
and cheese to come.

Merry Wives of Windsor, 1. 2. 12.

For you and I are past our dancing days :
How long is 't now since last yourself and I
Were in a mask ?

Romeo and Juliet, 1. 5. 33.

Lord, Lord, how subject we old men are to this
vice of lying !

2 *Henry IV*, 3. 2. 325.

The Lovers' Shakspeare

I have seen the day
That I have worn a visor and could tell
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would please : 't is gone, 't is gone, 't is gone.
Romeo and Juliet, 1. 5. 23.

Go fetch me a quart of sack ; put a toast in 't.
Merry Wives of Windsor, 3. 5. 3.

And truly in my youth I suffered much extremity
for love.
Hamlet, 2. 2. 191.

Lear. How old art thou ?

Kent. Not so young, sir, to love a woman for
singing, nor so old to dote on her for any thing : I
have years on my back forty eight.
King Lear, 1. 4. 39.

At your age
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgement.
Hamlet, 3. 4. 68.

Here 's flowers for you ;
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram ;
The marigold that goes to bed wi' the sun
And with him rises weeping : these are flowers
Of middle summer, and I think they are given
To men of middle age.

Winter's Tale, 4. 4. 103.

“ *Yellow Leaves, or None, or Few* ”

It is as proper to our age
To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion.

Hamlet, 2. 1. 114.

So white, and such a traitor !

King Lear, 3. 7. 37.

The blood of youth burns not with such excess
As gravity's revolt to wantonness.

Love's Labour's Lost, 5. 2. 73.

Well, if my wind were but long enough to say my
prayers, I would repent.

Merry Wives of Windsor, 4. 5. 104.

Would I were young for your sake, Mistress Anne !

Merry Wives of Windsor, 1. 1. 268.

She is nice and coy
And nought esteems my aged eloquence.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, 3. 1. 82.

These tedious old fools !

Hamlet, 2. 2. 223.

I had good argument for kissing once.

Troilus and Cressida, 4. 5. 26.

For long gone I have forgot to court ;
Besides, the fashion of the time is changed.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, 3. 1. 85.

The Lovers' Shakspeare

What was I about to say? By the mass, I was
about to say something: where did I leave?

Hamlet, 2. 1. 50.

Greybeard, thy love doth freeze.

Taming of the Shrew, 2. 1. 540.

I was adored once, too.

Twelfth Night, 2. 3. 197.

You are not young, no more am I; go to then,
there's sympathy.

Merry Wives of Windsor, 2. 1. 6.

Old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say,
and know the world.

Merry Wives of Windsor, 2. 2. 134.

I greatly fear my money is not safe.

Comedy of Errors, 1. 2. 105.

Look to your house, your daughter and your bags!
Thieves! thieves!

Othello, 1. 1. 80.

Thou stickest a dagger in me: I shall never see my
gold again.

Merchant of Venice, 3. 1. 115.

Let me play the fool:
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come.

Merchant of Venice, 1. 1. 79.

“ *Yellow Leaves, or None, or Few* ”

Claud. The old ornament of his cheek hath
already stuffed tennis-balls.

Leon. Indeed, he looks younger than he did, by
the loss of a beard.

D. Pedro. Nay, a' rubs himself with civet.

Much Ado about Nothing, 3. 2. 46.

And, like a gallant in the brow of youth,
Repairs him with occasion.

2 *Henry VI*, 5. 3. 4.

My house within the city
Is richly furnished with plate and gold ;
Basins and ewers to lave her dainty hands ;
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry ;
In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns ;
In cypress chests my arras counterpoints,
Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,
Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,
Valance of Venice gold in needlework,
Pewter and brass and all things that belong
To house or housekeeping : then, at my farm
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
Sixscore fat oxen standing in my stalls,
And all things answerable to this portion.
Myself am struck in years, I must confess ;
And if I die to-morrow, this is hers,
If whilst I live she will be only mine.

Taming of the Shrew, 2. 1. 348.

The Lovers' Shakspeare

And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles.

2 Henry VI, 5. 1. 165.

A wither'd hermit, five-score winters worn,

Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye :

Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born,

And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy :

O, 't is the sun that maketh all things shine !

Love's Labour's Lost, 4. 3. 242.

There be fools alive, I wis,

Silver'd o'er ; and so was this.

Merchant of Venice, 2. 9. 68.

Lear. Dost thou call me fool, boy ?

Fool. All thy other titles thou hast given away ;
that thou wast born with.

King Lear, 1. 4. 162.

Fool. Canst tell how an oyster makes his shell ?

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor I neither ; but I can tell why a snail has
a house.

Lear. Why ?

Fool. Why, to put his head in ; not to give it away
to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case.

King Lear, 1. 5. 26.

Thou should'st not have been old till thou hadst
been wise.

King Lear, 1. 5. 48.

"Yellow Leaves, or None, or Few"

Throw away that thought;
Believe not that the dribbling dart of love
Can pierce a complete bosom.

Measure for Measure, 1. 3. 1.

Our own precedent passions do instruct us
What levity's in youth.

Timon of Athens, 1. 1. 133.

If the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're
well to live.

Winter's Tale, 3. 3. 124.

The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacle on nose and pouch on side,
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound.

As You Like It, 2. 7. 157.

When my old wife lived.

Winter's Tale, 4. 4. 55.

I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some wither'd bough and there
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost.

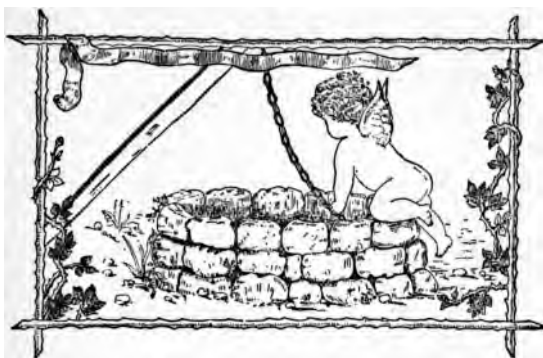
Winter's Tale, 5. 3. 132.

The Lovers' Shakspeare

L' Envoy.

That time of year thou mayst in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou see'st the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west,
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire
Consumed with that which it was nourish'd by.
This thou perceivest, which makes thy love more
strong,
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.
Sonnet LXXIII.





IX

“WHERE TRUTH IS HID”

If circumstances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the centre.

Hamlet, 2. 2. 157.

Go on, and I will follow thee,
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.

As You Like It, 2. 3. 69.

Ay, so true love should do : it cannot speak ;
For truth hath better deeds than words to grace it.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, 2. 2. 17.

Truth hath a quiet breast.

Richard II, 1. 3. 96.

The Lovers' Shakspeare

An honest tale speeds best being plainly told.

Richard III, 4. 4. 358.

It oft falls out,

To have what we would have, we speak not what
we mean :

I something do excuse the thing I hate,

For his advantage that I dearly love.

Measure for Measure, 2. 4. 117.

The silence often of pure innocence

Persuades when speaking fails.

Winter's Tale, 2. 2. 41.

Nature is fine in love, and where 't is fine,

It sends some precious instance of itself

After the thing it loves.

Hamlet, 4. 5. 161.

But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,

Than that which withering on the virgin thorn

Grows, lives and dies in single blessedness.

Midsummer-Night's Dream, 1. 1. 76.

A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind.

Love's Labour's Lost, 4. 3. 334.

But love is blind, and lovers cannot see

The pretty follies that themselves commit.

Merchant of Venice, 2. 6. 36.

"Where Truth is Hid"

Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind ;
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind.

Midsummer-Night's Dream, 1. 1. 234.

Wings and no eyes figure unheedy haste :
And therefore is Love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft beguiled.

Midsummer-Night's Dream, 1. 1. 237.

The sight of lovers feedeth those in love.

As You Like It, 3. 4. 60.

Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.
The lunatic, the lover and the poet
Are of imagination all compact :
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold,
That is, the madman : the lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt :
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to
 heaven ;
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.

Midsummer-Night's Dream, 5. 1. 4.

The Lovers' Shakspeare

And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changeful potency.

Troilus and Cressida, 4. 4. 97.

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

Hamlet, 5. 2. 10.

I hate ingratitude more in a man
Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

Twelfth Night, 3. 4. 388.

Falsehood, cowardice and poor descent,
Three things that women highly hold in hate.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, 3. 2. 32.

There is no love-broker in the world can more pre-
vail in man's commendation with woman than report
of valour.

Twelfth Night, 3. 2. 39.

A very riband in the cap of youth.

Hamlet, 4. 7. 78.

Cowards die many times before their deaths ;
The valiant never taste of death but once.

Julius Caesar, 2. 2. 32.

"Where Truth is Hid"

Conscience is but a word that cowards use,
Devised at first to keep the strong in awe :
Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.

Richard III, 5. 3. 309.

O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength ; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

Measure for Measure, 2. 2. 107.

Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful.

Measure for Measure, 3. 1. 215.

Courage mounteth with occasion.

King John, 2. 1. 82.

Our fears do make us traitors.

Macbeth, 4. 2. 4.

By a divine instinct men's minds mistrust
Ensuing dangers.

Richard III, 2. 3. 42.

Our doubts are traitors
And make us lose the good we oft might win
By fearing to attempt.

Measure for Measure, 1. 4. 77.

In time we hate that which we often fear.

Antony and Cleopatra, 1. 3. 12.

Our content

Is our best having.

Henry VIII, 2. 3. 22.

The Lovers' Shakspeare

The labour we delight in physics pain.

Macbeth, 2. 3. 55.

The flighty purpose never is o'ertook
Unless the deed go with it.

Macbeth, 4. 1. 145.

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to plague us.

King Lear, 5. 3. 170.

The evil that men do lives after them ;
The good is oft interred with their bones.

Julius Caesar, 3. 2. 80.

Men's evil manners live in brass ; their virtues
We write in water.

Henry VIII, 4. 2. 45.

How far that little candle throws his beams !
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Merchant of Venice, 5. 1. 90.

Weariness

Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
Finds the down pillow hard.

Cymbeline, 3. 6. 33.

Society is no comfort
To one not sociable.

Cymbeline, 4. 2. 12.

"Where Truth is Hid"

All the world 's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players :
They have their exits and their entrances ;
And one man in his time plays many parts.

As You Like It, 2. 7. 139.

Jog on, jog on the foot-path way,
And merrily hent the stile-a :
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.

Winter's Tale, 4. 3. 132.

A light heart lives long.

Love's Labour's Lost, 5. 2. 18.

There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking
makes it so.

Hamlet, 2. 2. 255.

What is aught, but as 't is valued ?

Troilus and Cressida, 2. 2. 52.

What 's gone and what 's past help
Should be past grief.

Winter's Tale, 3. 2. 223.

The night is long that never finds the day.

Macbeth, 4. 3. 240.

The world may laugh again.

2 Henry VI, 2. 4. 82.

Time must friend or end.

Troilus and Cressida, 1. 2. 84.

The Lovers' Shakspeare

What cannot be eschew'd must be embraced.

Merry Wives of Windsor, 5. 5. 251.

He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

Romeo and Juliet, 2. 2. 1.

Full of wise saws and modern instances.

As You Like It, 2. 7. 156.

What fates impose, that men must needs abide ;

It boots not to resist both wind and tide.

3 *Henry VI*, 4- 3. 58.

To mourn a mischief that is past and gone

Is the next way to draw new mischief on.

Othello, 1. 3. 204.

Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,

Which shows like grief itself, but is not so.

Richard II, 2. 2. 14.

Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,

Which we ascribe to heaven.

All's Well that Ends Well, 1. 1. 231.

For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite

The man that mocks at it and sets it light.

Richard II, 1. 3. 292.

The robb'd that smiles steals something from the thief;

He robs himself that spends a bootless grief.

Othello, 1. 3. 208.

"Where Truth is Hid"

We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good ; so find we profit
By losing of our prayers.

Antony and Cleopatra, 2. 1. 5.

'T is better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glistening grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.

Henry VIII, 2. 3. 19.

It is never good
To bring bad news : give to a gracious message
An host of tongues ; but let ill tidings tell
Themselves when they be felt.

Antony and Cleopatra, 2. 5. 85.

The first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office.

2 Henry IV, 1. 1. 100.

The worst is not
So long as we can say 'This is the worst.'

King Lear, 4. 1. 29.

But not a courtier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowl at.

Cymbeline, 1. 1. 12.

The Lovers' Shakspeare

When fortune means to men most good,
She looks upon them with a threatening eye.

King John, 3. 4. 119.

Fate, show thy force : ourselves we do not owe ;
What is decreed must be, and be this so.

Twelfth Night, 1. 5. 329.

Fortune brings in some boats that are not steer'd.

Cymbeline, 4. 3. 46.

Are these things then necessities ?
Then let us meet them like necessities.

2 Henry IV, 3. 1. 92.

The end crowns all,
And that old common arbitrator, Time,
Will one day end it.

Troilus and Cressida, 4. 5. 224.

For time is like a fashionable host
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand,
And with his arms outstretch'd, as he would fly,
Grasps in the comer : welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing.

Troilus and Cressida, 3. 3. 165.

Small cheer and great welcome makes a merry feast.

Comedy of Errors, 3. 1. 26.

"Where Truth is Hid"

Unbidden guests
Are often welcomest when they are gone.

1 Henry VI, 2. 2. 55.

If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work.

1 Henry IV, 1. 2. 228.

When we are born, we cry that we are come
To this great stage of fools.

King Lear, 4. 6. 186.

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it.

Love's Labour's Lost, 5. 2. 871.

A little fire is quickly trodden out ;
Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.

3 Henry VI, 4. 8. 7.

I pull in resolution, and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend
That lies like truth.

Macbeth, 5. 5. 42.

Before the curing of a strong disease,
Even in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest ; evils that take leave,
On their departure most of all show evil.

King John, 3. 4. 112.

The Lovers' Shakspeare

Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.

Hamlet, 3. 1. 101.

The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together : our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipped them not ; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherished by our virtues.

All 's Well That Ends Well, 4. 3. 83.

My endeavours

Have ever come too short of my desires.

Henry VIII, 3. 2. 169.

And oftentimes excusing of a fault
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse,
As patches set upon a little breach
Discredit more in hiding of the fault
Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.

King John, 4. 2. 30.

Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls :
Who steals my purse steals trash ; 't is something,
nothing ;
'T was mine, 't is his, and has been slave to thousands ;
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him
And makes me poor indeed.

Othello, 3. 3. 155.

"Where Truth is Hid"

Diseases desperate grown
By desperate appliance are relieved.

Hamlet, 4. 3. 9.

And he that stands upon a slippery place
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up.

King John, 3. 4. 137.

The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils ;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night
And his affections dark as Erebus :
Let no such man be trusted.

Merchant of Venice, 5. 1. 83.

Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head ;
And this our life exempt from public haunt
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones and good in everything.

As You Like It, 2. 1. 12.

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,
That all with one consent praise new-born gawds,
Though they are made and moulded of things past,
And give to dust that is a little gilt
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.

Troilus and Cressida, 3. 3. 175.

The Lovers' Shakspeare

Perseverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honour bright : to have done is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way ;
For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast : keep then the path ;
For emulation hath a thousand sons
That one by one pursue : if you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by
And leave you hindmost.

Troilus and Cressida, 3. 3. 150.

Fling away ambition :
By that sin fell the angels ; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it ?
Love thyself last : cherish those hearts that hate thee ;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not :
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's.

Henry VIII, 3. 2. 441.

Blest are those
Whose blood and judgement are so well commingled,
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please.

Hamlet, 3. 2. 73.

“*Where Truth is Hid*”

The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath : it is twice blest ;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes :
'T is mightiest in the mightiest : it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown ;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway ;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself ;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice.

Merchant of Venice, 4. 1. 184.

However we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than women's are.

Twelfth Night, 2. 4. 33.

O heaven ! were man
But constant, he were perfect. That one error
Fills him with faults ; makes him run through all the
sins.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, 5. 4. 110.

The Lovers' Shakspeare

Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell.

Macbeth, 4. 3. 22.

I have known those which have walked in their
sleep who have died holily in their beds.

Macbeth, 5. 1. 66.

I pray thee, sort thy heart to patience ;
These few days' wonder will be quickly worn.

2 Henry VI, 2. 4. 68.

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities.

Julius Caesar, 4. 3. 86.

Friendship is constant in all other things

Save in the office and affairs of love.

Much Ado about Nothing, 2. 1. 182.

Let him woo for himself.

Merry Wives of Windsor, 3. 4. 51.

Plate sin with gold,

And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks.

King Lear, 4. 6. 169.

Dull not device by coldness and delay.

Othello, 2. 3. 394.

There is no virtue like necessity.

Richard II, 1. 3. 278.

“ *Where Truth is Hid* ”

No, 't is slander,
Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile.

Cymbeline, 3. 4. 35.

Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou
shalt not escape calumny.

Hamlet, 3. 1. 140.

Affairs, that walk,
As they say spirits do, at midnight, have
In them a wilder nature than the business
That seeks dispatch by day.

Henry VIII, 5. 1. 13.

Live we how we can, yet die we must.

3 *Henry VI*, 5. 2. 28.

A light wife doth make a heavy husband.

Merchant of Venice, 5. 1. 130.

Unquiet meals make ill digestions.

Comedy of Errors, 5. 1. 74.

To be a queen in bondage is more vile
Than is a slave in base servility ;
For princes should be free.

1 *Henry VI*, 5. 3. 112.

But jealous souls will not be answer'd so ;
They are not ever jealous for the cause,
But jealous for they are jealous.

Othello, 3. 4. 159.

The Lovers' Shakspeare

When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.

Julius Cæsar, 4. 2. 20.

Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds.

Sonnet CXVI.

Prosperity's the very bond of love,
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters.

Winter's Tale, 4. 4. 584.

The bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in
her gifts to women.

As You Like It, 1. 2. 38.

Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

As You Like It, 1. 3. 112.

At lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs.

Romeo and Juliet, 2. 2. 92.

Love delights in praises.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, 2. 4. 148.

Love loving not itself, none other can.

Richard II, 5. 3. 88.

When maidens sue,
Men give like gods; but when they weep and kneel,
All their petitions are as freely theirs
As they themselves would owe them.

Measure for Measure, 1. 4. 80

"Where Truth is Hid"

There was never yet fair woman but she made
mouths in a glass.

King Lear, 3. 2. 35.

And these few precepts in thy memory
See thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportioned thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel ;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledged comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel, but being in,
Bear 't that the opposed may beware of thee.
Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice ;
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgement.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy ; rich, not gaudy ;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man,
And they in France of the best rank and station
Are of a most select and generous chief in that.
Neither a borrower nor a lender be ;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all : to thine ownself be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Hamlet, 1. 3. 58

The Lovers' Shakspeare

Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels
Be sure you be not loose ; for those you make friends
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again
But where they mean to sink ye.

Henry VIII, 2. 1. 126.

From this time
Be somewhat scanter of your maiden presence ;
Set your entreatments at a higher rate
Than a command to parley.

Hamlet, 1. 3. 120.

For Lord Hamlet,
Believe so much in him, that he is young,
And with a larger tether may he walk
Than may be given you : in few, Ophelia,
Do not believe his vows ; for they are brokers,
Not of that dye which their investments show,
But mere implorators of unholy suits,
Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds,
The better to beguile.

Hamlet, 1. 3. 123.

Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain,
If with too credent ear you list his songs,
Or lose your heart, or your chaste treasure open
To his unmaster'd importunity.

Hamlet, 1. 3. 29.

"Where Truth is Hid"

Keep you in the rear of your affection,
Out of the shot and danger of desire.
The chariest maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon.
Virtue itself 'scapes not calumnious strokes.

Hamlet, 1. 3. 34.

Be wary then ; best safety lies in fear.

Hamlet, 1. 3. 43.

But, good my brother,
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven ;
Whiles, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own rede.

Hamlet, 1. 3. 46.

Let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent ;
For women are as roses, whose fair flower
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

Twelfth Night, 2. 4. 37.

Let still the woman take
An elder than herself ; so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart.

Twelfth Night, 2. 4. 29.

The Lovers' Shakspeare

Beauty's princely majesty is such,
Confounds the tongue and makes the senses rough.

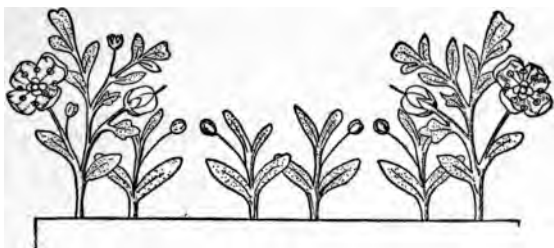
1 *Henry VI*, 5. 3. 70.

L' Envoy.

O, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give !
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye
As the perfumed tincture of the roses;
Hang on such thorns and play as wantonly
When summer's breath their masked buds discloses :
But, for their virtue only is their show,
They live unwoo'd and unrespected fade,
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so ;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made :
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that shall fade, my verse distills your truth.

Sonnet LIV.





X

“THERE’S RUE FOR YOU ; AND HERE’S
SOME FOR ME ”

Here did she fall a tear ; here in this place
I ’ll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace.

Richard II, 3. 4. 104.

There’s rue for you ; and here’s some for me :
we may call it herb-grace o’ Sundays : O, you must
wear your rue with a difference.

Hamlet, 4. 5. 181.

Give sorrow words : the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o’er-fraught heart and bids it break.

Macbeth, 4. 3. 209.

When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions.

Hamlet, 4. 5. 78.

The Lovers' Shakspeare

One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow.

Hamlet, 4. 7. 164.

Here I and sorrows sit.

King John, 3. 1. 73.

Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou owedst yesterday.

Othello, 3. 3. 330.

I 'gin to be aweary of the sun.

Macbeth, 5. 5. 49.

Then they for sudden joy did weep,
And I for sorrow sung.

King Lear, 1. 4. 191.

O, how full of briers is this working-day world!

As You Like It, 1. 3. 12.

A heart

As full of sorrows as the sea of sands.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, 4. 3. 33.

Methinks no body should be sad but I.

King John, 4. 1. 13.

My little body is aweary of this great world.

Merchant of Venice, 1. 2. 1.

“ *There’s Rue for You* ”

Ay me, how weak a thing
The heart of woman is !

Julius Caesar, 2. 4. 39.

I will instruct my sorrows to be proud.

King John, 3. 1. 68.

Larded with sweet flowers ;
Which bewept to the grave did go
With true-love showers.

Hamlet, 4. 5. 37.

Like the lily,
That once was mistress of the field and flourish’d,
I’ll hang my head and perish

Henry VIII, 3. 1. 151.

Death lies on her like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

Romeo and Juliet, 4. 5. 28.

Sweets to the sweet : farewell !

Hamlet, 5. 1. 266.

If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover’s pinch,
Which hurts, and is desired.

Antony and Cleopatra, 5. 2. 297.

What’s the newest grief ?

Macbeth, 4. 3. 174.

Portia is dead.

Julius Caesar, 4. 3. 147.

The Lovers' Shakspeare

O insupportable and touching loss !

Julius Cæsar, 4. 3. 151.

So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Macbeth, 1. 3. 38.

Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh.

Hamlet, 3. 1. 166.

Why, let the stricken deer go weep,

The hart ungalled play ;

For some must watch, while some must sleep :

So runs the world away.

Hamlet, 3. 2. 282.

Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words

That ever blotted paper !

Merchant of Venice, 3. 2. 254.

Look, who comes here ! a grave unto a soul ;

Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,

In the vile prison of afflicted breath.

King John, 3. 4. 17.

When I was born, the wind was north.

Pericles, 4. 1. 52.

Yield up, O love, thy crown and hearted throne

To tyrannous hate !

Othello, 3. 3. 448.

“ *There’s Rue for You* ”

Alas, to make me
A fixed figure for the time of scorn
To point his slow unmoving finger at !

Othello, 4. 2. 53.

Poor bird ! thou’ldst never fear the net nor line,
The pitfall nor the gin.

Macbeth, 4. 2. 34.

Thou didst then rend thy faith
Into a thousand oaths ; and all those oaths
Descended into perjury.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, 5. 4. 47.

Alas, poor lady, desolate and left !

Two Gentlemen of Verona, 4. 4. 179.

More sinn’d against than sinning.

King Lear, 3. 2. 60.

By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.

Winter’s Tale, 4. 4. 393.

O heaven, that such companions thou’ldst unfold,
And put in every honest hand a whip
To lash the rascals naked through the world !

Othello, 4. 2. 141.

I would have him nine years a-killing.

Othello, 4. 1. 188.

Runs not this speech like iron through your blood ?

Much Ado about Nothing, 5. 1. 252.

The Lovers' Shakspeare

Is this her fault or mine ?
The tempter or the tempted, who sins most ?
Ha !
Not she ; nor doth she tempt : but it is I
That, lying by the violet in the sun,
Do as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be
That modesty may more betray our sense
Than woman's lightness ? Having waste ground
enough,
Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary
And pitch our evils there ?

Measure for Measure, 2. 2. 162.

Ay, so you serve us
Till we serve you ; but when you have our roses,
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves
And mock us with our bareness.

All's Well that Ends Well, 4. 2. 17.

Wormwood, wormwood.

Hamlet, 3. 2. 191.

All is oblique ;
There's nothing level in our cursed natures,
But direct villany.

Timon of Athens, 4. 3. 18.

Canst thou believe thy living is a life ?

Measure for Measure, 3. 2. 27.

"There's Rue for You"

Ang. Nay, women are frail too.

Isab. Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves ;

Which are as easy broke as they make forms.

Women ! Help heaven ! men their creation mar

In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times frail,

For we are soft as our complexions are,

And credulous to false prints.

Measure for Measure, 2. 4. 124.

Frailty, thy name is woman !

Hamlet, 1. 2. 146.

Women are soft, mild, pitiful and flexible ;

Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.

3 *Henry VI*, 1. 4. 141.

But O, the thorns we stand upon !

Winter's Tale, 4. 4. 596.

A thousand knees

Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,

Upon a barren mountain, and still winter

In storm perpetual, could not move the gods

To look that way thou wert.

Winter's Tale, 3. 2. 211.

I never wish'd to see you sorry ; now

I trust I shall.

Winter's Tale, 2. 1. 123.

The Lovers' Shakspeare

Pray heaven, the king may never find a heart
With less allegiance in it !

Henry VIII, 5. 3. 42.

My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.
Perjury, perjury, in the high'st degree.

Richard III, 5. 3. 193.

Methought a serpent eat my heart away,
And you sat smiling at his cruel prey.

Midsummer-Night's Dream, 2. 2. 149.

I am so lated in the world, that I
Have lost my way forever.

Antony and Cleopatra, 3. 11. 3.

Once more, adieu ; the rest let sorrow say.

Richard II, 5. 1. 102.

Sweet love, I see, changing his property,
Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate.

Richard II, 3. 2. 135.

And she, sweet lady, dotes,
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,
Upon this spotted and inconstant man.

Midsummer-Night's Dream, 1. 1. 108.

O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me !

Richard III, 5. 3. 179.

"There's Rue for You"

Oh, that deceit should steal such gentle shapes,
And with a virtuous vizard hide foul guile!

Richard III, 2. 2. 27.

The art of our necessities is strange,
That can make vile things precious.

King Lear, 3. 2. 70.

Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder?

Macbeth, 3. 4. 110.

The miserable have no other medicine
But only hope.

Measure for Measure, 3. 1. 2.

What wound did ever heal but by degrees?

Othello, 2. 3. 377.

Comfort's in heaven; and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lives but crosses, cares, and grief.

Richard II, 2. 2. 78.

That comfort comes too late;
'T is like a pardon after execution.

Henry VIII, 4. 2. 120.

She loved thee, cruel Moor;
So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true.

Othello, 5. 2. 249.

The Lovers' Shakspeare

O, that way madness lies ; let me shun that ;
No more of that.

King Lear, 3. 4. 21.

I am not mad : I would to heaven I were !
For then, 't is like I should forget myself :
O, if I could, what grief should I forget !

King John, 3. 4. 48.

Cas. O ye gods, ye gods ! must I endure all this ?
Bru. All this ! ay, more : fret till your proud heart
break.

Julius Cæsar, 4. 3. 41.

So many miseries have crazed my voice,
That my woe-wearied tongue is mute and dumb.

Richard III, 4. 4. 17.

No deeper wrinkles yet ? Hath sorrow struck
So many blows upon this face of mine,
And made no deeper wounds ?

Richard II, 4. 1. 277.

O, that this too too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw and resolve itself into a dew !

Hamlet, 1. 2. 129.

Things past redress are now with me past care.

Richard II, 2. 3. 171.

Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale.

King John, 3. 4. 108.

"There's Rue for You"

Oph. 'T is brief, my lord.

Ham. As woman's love.

Hamlet, 3. 2. 163.

O God! that one might read the book of fate!

2 Henry IV, 3. 1. 45.

All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand.

Macbeth, 5. 1. 57.

Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral baked meats

Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.

Hamlet, 1. 2. 179.

I will speak daggers to her, but use none.

Hamlet, 3. 2. 414.

O, I could play the woman with mine eyes!

Macbeth, 4. 3. 230.

Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven

Or ever I had seen that day.

Hamlet, 1. 2. 182.

I have

That honourable grief lodged here which burns

Worse than tears drown.

Winter's Tale, 2. 1. 110.

O, that men's ears should be

To counsel deaf, but not to flattery!

Timon of Athens, 1. 2. 256.

The Lovers' Shakspeare

I have shot mine arrow o'er the house,
And hurt my brother.

Hamlet, 5. 2. 254.

We will not from the helm to sit and weep,
But keep our course, though the rough wind say no,
From shelves and rocks that threaten us with wreck.
As good to chide the waves as speak them fair.

3 *Henry VI*, 5. 4. 21.

He hath a daily beauty in his life
That makes me ugly.

Othello, 5. 1. 19.

Thou canst not say I did it : never shake
Thy gory locks at me.

Macbeth, 3. 4. 50.

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased ?

Macbeth, 5. 3. 40.

For I am sick and capable of fears.

King John, 3. 1. 12.

O, but remember this another day,
When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow.

Richard III, 1. 3. 299.

Friendship's full of dregs.

Timon of Athens, 1. 2. 239.

You knot of mouth-friends !

Timon of Athens, 3. 6. 99.

“ *There ’s Rue for You* ”

Trencher-friends !

Timon of Athens, 3. 6. 106.

Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou ’dst two,
And that ’s far worse than none ; better have none
Than plural faith which is too much by one :
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend !

Two Gentlemen of Verona, 5. 4. 50.

In love

Who respects friend ?

Two Gentlemen of Verona, 5. 4. 53.

O shame ! where is thy blush ?

Hamlet, 3. 4. 82.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot.

As You Like It, 2. 7. 184.

Men that make

Envy and crooked malice nourishment
Dare bite the best.

Henry VIII, 5. 3. 43.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man’s ingratitude.

As You Like It, 2. 7. 174.

The Lovers' Shakspeare

O

Dissembling courtesy ! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds !

Cymbeline, 1. 1. 8

The shrug, the hum or ha, these petty brands
That calumny doth use — O, I am out —
That mercy does, for calumny will sear
Virtue itself.

Winter's Tale, 2. 1. 7

Done to death by slanderous tongues.

Much Ado about Nothing, 5. 3.

No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape ; back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes. What king so strong
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue !

Measure for Measure, 3. 2. 15

Betrays to slander,
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's.

Winter's Tale, 2. 3. 8

An adder did it ; for with doubler tongue
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.

Midsummer-Night's Dream, 3. 2. ;

How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable,
Seem to me all the uses of this world !

Hamlet, 1. 2. 1 :

“ *There’s Rue for You* ”

O, woe is me !

To have seen what I have seen, see what I see !

Hamlet, 3. 1. 168.

I have supp’d full with horrors.

Macbeth, 5. 5. 13.

The time is out of joint : O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right !

Hamlet, 1. 5. 188.

The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

Macbeth, 2. 3. 100.

Let’s make us medicines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

Macbeth, 4. 3. 214.

I am sworn brother, sweet,
To grim Necessity, and he and I
Will keep a league till death.

Richard II, 5. 1. 20.

Blow, wind ! come, wrack !
At least we’ll die with harness on our back.

Macbeth, 5. 5. 51.

O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath !

Merchant of Venice, 1. 3. 103.

I prithee, give me leave to curse awhile.

Henry VI, 5. 3. 43.

The Lovers' Shakspeare

O, call back yesterday, bid time return !

Richard II, 3. 2. 69.

All our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle !
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more.

Macbeth, 5. 5. 22.

What hath this day deserved ? what hath it done,
That it in golden letters should be set
Among the high tides in the calendar ?
Nay, rather turn this day out of the week.

King John, 3. 1. 84.

Let this pernicious hour
Stand aye accursed in the calendar !

Macbeth, 4. 1. 133.

'T is now the very witching time of night,
When churchyards yawn and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world : now could I drink hot blood,
And do such bitter business as the day
Would quake to look on.

Hamlet, 3. 2. 406.

O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abate thy hours !

Midsummer-Night's Dream, 3. 2. 431.

"There's Rue for You"

I could a tale unfold whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part
And each particular hair to stand an end,
Like quills upon the fretful porpentine.

Hamlet, 1. 5. 15.

News fitting to the night,
Black, fearful, comfortless and horrible.

King John, 5. 6. 19.

O sleep, O gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?

2 Henry IV, 3. 1. 5.

It hath been the longest night
That e'er I watch'd and the most heaviest.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, 4. 2. 140.

Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,
Makes the night morning, and the noon-tide night.

Richard III, 1. 4, 76.

Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness,
And fear'st to die?

Romeo and Juliet, 5. 1. 68.

The Lovers' Shakspeare

I am so out of love with life that I w
rid of it.

Measure for Measure

To be or not to be : that is the question :
Whether 't is nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them ? To die : t
No more ; and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache and the thousand natural s
That flesh is heir to, 't is a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep
To sleep : perchance to dream : ay, there
For in that sleep of death what dreams ma
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil
Must give us pause : there 's the respect,
That makes calamity of so long life ;
For who would bear the whips and scorns
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's c
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay
The insolence of office and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin ? who would fardels b
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death

" There's Rue for You "

The undiscover'd country from whose bourn
No traveller returns, puzzles the will
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all ;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pith and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

Hamlet, 3. 1. 56.

I am merrier to die, than thou art to live.

Cymbeline, 5. 4. 175.

In the world I fill up a place, which may be better
supplied when I have made it empty.

As You Like It, 1. 2. 204.

I would not hear your enemy say so.

Hamlet, 1. 2. 170.

The wonder is, he hath endured so long :
He but usurp'd his life.

King Lear, 5. 3. 316.

World, world, O world !
But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,
Life would not yield to age.

King Lear, 4. 1. 10.

The Lovers' Share

I am so out of love with life
rid of it.

Measure for Measure

To be or not to be: that is the question
Whether 't is nobler in the mind
To suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous
Fortune, or to take arms against a sea of troubles
And by opposing end them? To die,
To sleep; no more; and by a sleep to say
We'll end our heart-ache and the thousand
Natural shocks that flesh is heir to, 't is a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die,<
To sleep: perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub,
For in that sleep of death what dreams
May come when we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: there's the rub,
That makes calamity of so long life.
For who would bear the whips and
Scorns of the oppressor's wrong, the proud
The pangs of despised love, the law's
The insolence of office and the spurs
That patient merit of the unworthy
When he himself might his quietus
Take with a bare bodkin? who would
Fardels be to grunt and sweat under a weary
But that the dread of something after

" There 's Rue for You "

I have lived long enough : my way of life
Is fall'n into the scar, the yellow leaf.

Macbeth, 5. 3. 22.

Go, count thy way with sighs ; I mine with groans.

Richard II, 5. 1. 89.

For Falstaff he is dead.

Henry V, 2. 3. 5.

So may he rest ; his faults lie gently on him !

Henry VIII, 4. 2. 31.

He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone ;
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.

Hamlet, 4. 5. 29.

He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one ;
Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuading :
Lofty and sour to them that loved him not ;
But to those men that sought him sweet as summer.
And though he were unsatisfied in getting,
Which was a sin, yet in bestowing, madam,
He was most princely.

Henry VIII, 4. 2. 51.

O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous !

Richard III, 1. 2. 104.

The Lovers' Shakspeare

Your cause of sorrow
Must not be measured by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

Macbeth, 5. 8. 44.

I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness ;
And, from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting : I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.

Henry VIII, 3. 2. 223.

The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burn'd,
And all the shrouds wherewith my life should sail
Are turned to one thread, one little hair :
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be uttered ;
And then all this thou seest is but a clod.

King John, 5. 7. 52.

Vex not his ghost : O, let him pass ! he hates him
much
That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer.

King Lear, 5. 3. 313.

Now cracks a noble heart. Good night, sweet prince ;
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest !

Hamlet, 5. 2. 370.

"There's Rue for You"

After life's fitful fever he sleeps well.

Macbeth, 3. 2. 23.

And so, his knell is knoll'd.

Macbeth, 5. 8. 50.

His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world 'This was a man!'

Julius Cæsar, 5. 5. 73.

He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

Hamlet, 1. 2. 187.

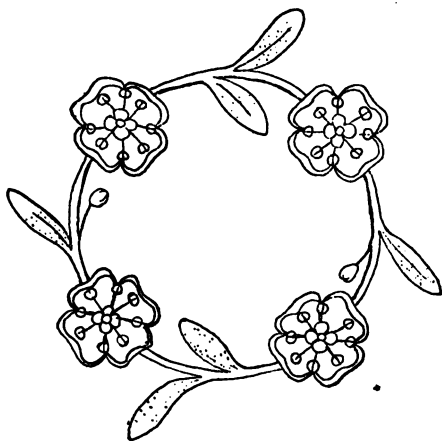
L' Envoy.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell :
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it ; for I love you so
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
O, if, I say, you look upon this verse
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,

The Lovers' Shakspeare

Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,
But let your love even with my life decay,
Lest the wise world should look into your moan
And mock you with me after I am gone.

Sonnet LX





XI

“SOME ODD QUIRKS AND REMNANTS OF WIT”

Speed. But tell me true, will 't be a match?

Launce. Ask my dog: if he say ay, it will; if he say, no, it will; if he shake his tail and say nothing, it will.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, 2. 5. 35.

Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk.

Othello, 2. 1. 115.

Ajax. An all men were o' my mind, —

Ulyss. Wit would be out of fashion.

Troilus and Cressida, 2. 3. 225.

The Lovers' Shakspeare

Prithee, keep up thy quillets.

Othello, 3. 1. 25.

If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs: a' brushes his hat o' mornings; what should that bode?

Much Ado about Nothing, 3. 2. 40.

Love is merely a madness, and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too.

As You Like It, 3. 2. 420.

Cupid is a knavish lad.

Midsummer-Night's Dream, 3. 2. 440.

Hit with Cupid's archery.

Midsummer-Night's Dream, 3. 2. 103.

This love will undo us all. O Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!

Troilus and Cressida, 3. 1. 119.

Nay, if Cupid have not spent all his quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

Much Ado about Nothing, 1. 1. 273.

He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy.

Macbeth, 4. 3. 157.

"Some Odd Quirks and Remnants of Wit"

In nature's infinite book of secrecy
A little I can read.

Antony and Cleopatra, 1. 2. 9.

Break an hour's promise in love! He that will
divide a minute into a thousand parts and break but a
part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs
of love, it may be said of him that Cupid hath clapped
him o' the shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-
whole.

As You Like It, 4. 1. 44.

Drawn in the flattering table of her eye!

Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!

And quarter'd in her heart! he doth espy

Himself love's traitor: this is pity now,

That, hang'd and drawn and quarter'd, there should be
In such a love so vile a lout as he.

King John, 2. 1. 504.

Why should I play the Roman fool, and die

On mine own sword?

Macbeth, 5. 8. 1.

No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is
almost six thousand years old, and in all this time
there was not any man died in his own person, videli-
cet, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dashed
out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could
to die before, and he is one of the patterns of love.

The Lovers' Shakspeare

Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night ; for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont and being taken with the cramp was drowned : and the foolish coroners of that age found it was 'Hero of Sestos.' But these are all lies : men have died from time to time and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

As You Like It, 4. 1. 94.

Let it go which way it will, he that dies this year is quit for the next.

2 Henry IV, 3. 2. 254.

Poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care.

Much Ado about Nothing, 2. 1. 326.

There was a star danced, and under that was I born.

Much Ado about Nothing, 2. 1. 349.

How green you are and fresh in this old world !

King John, 3. 4. 145.

I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

Merchant of Venice, 5. 1. 69.

Man delights not me : no, nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seem to say so.

Hamlet, 2. 2. 321.

Prince, thou art sad ; get thee a wife, get thee a wife.

Much Ado about Nothing, 5. 4. 124.

"Some Odd Quirks and Remnants of Wit"

Thus must I from the smoke into the smother.

As You Like It, 1. 2. 299.

Why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and money enough.

Taming of the Shrew, 1. 1. 132.

I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow than a man swear he loves me.

Much Ado about Nothing, 1. 1. 132.

With a good leg and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world, if a' could get her good-will.

Much Ado about Nothing, 2. 1. 15.

Get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee.

All's Well that Ends Well, 1. 1. 229.

Ere I learn love, I'll practise to obey.

Comedy of Errors, 2. 1. 29.

Take him, and use him well, he's worthy of it.

Henry VIII, 5. 3. 155.

Down on your knees,
And thank Heaven, fasting, for a good man's love.

As You Like It, 3. 5. 57.

The Lovers' Shakspeare

I may sit in a corner and cry heigh-ho for a husband !

Much Ado about Nothing, 2. 1. 332.

Among nine bad if one be good,
Among nine bad if one be good,
There 's yet one good in ten.

All's Well that Ends Well, 1. 3. 81.

I will marry her, sir, at your request : but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decrease it on better acquaintance.

Merry Wives of Windsor, 1. 1. 253.

Of all mad matches never was the like !

Taming of the Shrew, 3. 2. 244.

If they were but a week married, they would talk themselves mad.

Much Ado about Nothing, 2. 1. 368.

Our general's wife is now the general.

Othello, 2. 3. 320.

In love the heavens themselves do guide the state ;
Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.

Merry Wives of Windsor, 5. 5. 245.

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd ?

Was ever woman in this humour won ?

Richard III, 1. 2. 228.

"Some Odd Quirks and Remnants of Wit"

That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, 3. 1. 104.

Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue?

Taming of the Shrew, 1. 2. 206.

Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight?

Henry VI, 5. 3. 69.

I do mistake my person all this while :
Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
Myself to be a marvellous proper man.

Richard III, 1. 2. 253.

His countenance likes me not.

King Lear, 2. 2. 96.

Your face hath got five hundred pound a year,
Yet sell your face for five pence and 't is dear.

King John, 1. 1. 152.

What a falling-off was there !

Hamlet, 1. 5. 47.

You are now sailed into the north of my lady's
opinion.

Twelfth Night, 3. 2. 27.

The Lovers' Shakspeare

Winter 's not gone yet, if the wild-geese fly that way.

King Lear, 2. 4. 46.

We are arrant knaves, all ; believe none of us. Go
thy ways to a nunnery.

Hamlet, 3. 1. 131.

Were I like thee, I 'ld throw away myself.

Timon of Athens, 4. 3. 219.

Love me or love me not.

Taming of the Shrew, 4. 3. 84.

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba ?

Hamlet, 2. 2. 585.

The sweet youth 's in love.

Much Ado about Nothing, 3. 2. 52.

And thereby hangs a tale.

As You Like It, 2. 7. 28.

Shot through the ear with a love-song.

Romeo and Juliet, 2. 4. 14.

I could brain him with his lady's fan.

1 Henry IV, 2. 3. 24.

He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.

Taming of the Shrew, 5. 2. 20.

In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

Romeo and Juliet, 1. 1. 210.

“ *Some Odd Quirks and Remnants of Wit* ”

He lives not now that knows me to be in love ;
yet I am in love ; but a team of horse shall not pluck
that from me ; nor who 't is I love ; and yet 't is a
woman ; but what woman, I will not tell myself ;
and yet 't is a milk-maid.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, 3. 1. 264.

We that are true lovers run into strange capers.

As You Like It, 2. 4. 54.

O omnipotent Love ! how near the god drew to the
complexion of a goose !

Merry Wives of Windsor, 5. 5. 7.

Well, God 'ild you ! They say the owl was a
baker's daughter. Lord, we know what we are, but
know not what we may be.

Hamlet, 4. 5. 41.

Suffer love ! a good epithet !

Much Ado about Nothing, 5. 2. 67.

Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.

As You Like It, 2. 7. 181.

To say the truth, reason and love keep little com-
pany together now-a-days.

Midsummer-Night's Dream, 3. 1. 146.

Ask me no reason why I love you ; for though
Love use Reason for his physician, he admits him not
for his counsellor.

Merry Wives of Windsor, 2. 1. 4.

The Lovers' Shakspeare

All his successors gone before him hath done't;
and all his ancestors that come after him may.

Merry Wives of Windsor, 1. 1. 14.

I have no other but a woman's reason;
I think him so because I think him so.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, 1. 2. 23.

Love's reason's without reason.

Cymbeline, 4. 2. 22.

Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were
as plentiful as blackberries, I would give no man a
reason upon compulsion, I.

1 *Henry IV*, 2. 4. 263.

Lord, what fools these mortals be!

Midsummer-Night's Dream, 3. 2. 115.

You three fools lack'd me fool to make up the mess.

Love's Labour's Lost, 4. 3. 207.

Motley's the only wear.

As You Like It, 2. 7. 34.

What a pretty thing man is when he goes in his
doublet and hose and leaves off his wit!

Much Ado about Nothing, 5. 1. 202.

As I do live by food, I met a fool;
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms.

As You Like It, 2. 7. 14.

"Some Odd Quirks and Remnants of Wit"

They fool me to the top of my bent.

Hamlet, 3. 2. 401.

O that he were here to write me down an ass!

Much Ado about Nothing, 4. 2. 77.

A plentiful lack of wit.

Hamlet, 2. 2. 201.

Make the doors upon a woman's wit and it will out
at the casement; shut that and 't will out at the key-
hole; stop that, 't will fly with the smoke out at the
chimney.

As You Like It, 4. 1. 162.

You have too courtly a wit for me: I'll rest.

As You Like It, 3. 2. 72.

Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, 1. 1. 2.

You have a nimble wit.

As You Like It, 3. 2. 293.

O, there has been much throwing about of brains.

Hamlet, 2. 2. 375.

Well, if I be served such another trick, I'll have
my brains ta'en out and buttered.

Merry Wives of Windsor, 3. 5. 6.

These boiled brains of nineteen and two-and-twenty.

Winter's Tale, 3. 3. 64.

The Lovers' Shakspeare

I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men.

2 Henry IV, 1. 2. 11.

Thou wear a lion's hide ! doff it for shame,
And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

King John, 3. 1. 128.

Long. A calf, fair lady !

Kath. No, a fair lord calf.

Love's Labour's Lost, 5. 2. 248.

Here's a million of manners.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, 2. 1. 104.

My tables, — meet it is I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain ;
At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmark.

Hamlet, 1. 5. 107.

Æne. We know each other well.

Dio. We do ; and long to know each other worse.

Troilus and Cressida, 4. 1. 30.

I do desire we may be better strangers.

As You Like It, 3. 2. 275.

Sir,

I never loved you much ; but I ha' praised ye,
When you have well deserved ten times as much
As I have said you did.

Antony and Cleopatra, 2. 6. 77.

"Some Odd Quirks and Remnants of Wit"

I will praise any man that will praise me.

Antony and Cleopatra, 2. 6. 91.

'T were pity two such friends should be long foes.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, 5. 4. 118.

Seal up your lips, and give no words but mum :

The business asketh silent secrecy.

2 Henry VI, 1. 2. 89.

I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.

How hard it is for women to keep counsel!

Julius Caesar, 2. 4. 8.

Constant you are,

But yet a woman : and for secrecy,

No lady closer ; for I well believe

Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know ;

And so far will I trust thee.

1 Henry IV, 2. 3. 111.

Do you not know I am a woman ? when I think,
I must speak.

As You Like It, 3. 2. 263.

Nay, you were better speak first, and when you
were gravelled for lack of matter, you might take
occasion to kiss.

As You Like It, 4. 1. 73.

I was born to speak all mirth and no matter.

Much Ado about Nothing, 2. 1. 343.

The Lovers' Shakspeare

Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing.

Merchant of Venice, 1. 1. 113.

I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban.

King Lear, 3. 4. 162.

Noble philosopher, your company.

King Lear, 3. 4. 177.

There was never yet philosopher

That could endure the toothache patiently.

Much Ado about Nothing, 5. 1. 35.

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,

Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

Hamlet, 1. 5. 166.

Hang up philosophy !

Romeo and Juliet, 3. 3. 57.

I am sure care's an enemy to life.

Twelfth Night, 1. 3. 2.

What though care killed a cat, thou hast mettle
enough in thee to kill care.

Much Ado about Nothing, 5. 1. 132.

A man is never undone till he be hanged.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, 2. 5. 5.

There will little learning die then, that day thou
art hanged.

Timon of Athens, 2. 2. 86.

“Some Odd Quirks and Remnants of Wit”

The learned pate
Ducks to the golden fool.
Timon of Athens, 4. 3. 17.

Put money in thy purse.
Othello, 1. 3. 345.

And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee
Where thrift may follow fawning.
Hamlet, 3. 2. 66.

Bell, book, and candle shall not drive me back,
When gold and silver becks me to come on.
King John, 3. 3. 12.

Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm ;
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.
Julius Caesar, 4. 3. 9.

He 's poor and that 's revenge enough.
Timon of Athens, 3. 4. 62.

Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail
And say there is no sin but to be rich ;
And being rich, my virtue then shall be
To say there is no vice but beggary.
King John, 2. 1. 593.

Angels and ministers of grace defend us !
Hamlet, 1. 4. 39.

The Lovers' Shakspeare

By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes.

Macbeth, 4. 1. 44.

No man means evil but the devil.

Merry Wives of Windsor, 5. 2. 15.

The devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape.

Hamlet, 2. 2. 628.

The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.

Merchant of Venice, 1. 3. 99.

The prince of darkness is a gentleman.

King Lear, 3. 4. 148.

'Good Gloucester' and 'good devil' were alike,
And both preposterous.

3 *Henry VI*, 5. 6. 4.

Marry, he must have a long spoon that must eat
with the devil.

Comedy of Errors, 4. 3. 64.

And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil
By telling truth : tell truth and shame the devil.

1 *Henry IV*, 3. 1. 58.

He must needs go that the devil drives.

All's Well that Ends Well 1. 3. 31.

"Some Odd Quirks and Remnants of Wit"

If the devil be within and that temptation without,
I know he will choose it.

Merchant of Venice, 1. 2. 105.

Lay on, Macduff,
And damn'd be him that first cries 'Hold, enough!'
Macbeth, 5. 8. 33.

A plague o' both your houses!
Romeo and Juliet, 3. 1. 94.

Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
Hamlet, 3. 4. 160.

God has given you one face, and you make your-
selves another.
Hamlet, 3. 1. 149.

Get thee glass eyes;
And, like a scurvy politician, seem
To see the things thou dost not.
King Lear, 4. 6. 174.

I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-
pigeon over his hen.
As You Like It, 4. 1. 150.

'Mongst all colours
No yellow in 't.
Winter's Tale, 2. 3. 106.

Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy!
Othello, 3. 3. 175.

The Lovers' Shakspeare

O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil !

Othello, 2. 3. 283.

Every inordinate cup is unblessed and the ingredient is a devil.

Othello, 2. 3. 310.

I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking :
I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.

Othello, 2. 3. 34.

O God, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains !

Othello, 2. 3. 291.

Let 's teach ourselves that honourable stop,
Not to outsport discretion.

Othello, 2. 3. 2.

Potations pottle-deep.

Othello, 2. 3. 56.

O monstrous ! but one half-pennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack !

1 Henry IV, 2. 4. 591.

Use every man after his desert, and who should 'scape whipping ?

Hamlet, 2. 2. 555.

“ *Some Odd Quirks and Remnants of Wit* ”

Think of that, Master Brook.

Merry Wives of Windsor, 3. 5. 124.

There is so great a fever on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it.

Measure for Measure, 3. 2. 235.

O most lame and impotent conclusion !

Othello, 2. 1. 162.

Fie, fie, fie ! pah, pah ! Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination.

King Lear, 4. 6. 132.

I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

Hamlet, 3. 2. 37.

Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment ? that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man ?

2 Henry VI, 4. 2. 85.

The letter is too long by half a mile.

Love's Labour's Lost, 5. 2. 54.

The hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

Hamlet, 5. 1. 77.

The Lovers' Shakspeare

O knowledge ill-inhabited, worse than Jove in a
thatched house !

As You Like It, 3. 3. 10.

He that dies pays all debts.

Tempest, 3. 2. 140.

Base is the slave that pays.

Henry V, 2. 1. 100.

We have the receipt of fern-seed, we walk invisible.

Henry IV, 2. 1. 95.

Stands Scotland where it did ?

Macbeth, 4. 3. 164.

Farewell, Monsieur Traveller : look you lisp and
wear strange suits, disable all the benefits of your own
country, be out of love with your nativity and almost
chide God for making you that countenance you are,
or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola.

As You Like It, 4. 1. 33.

I am still

Attorney'd at your service.

Measure for Measure, 5. 1. 389.

Why, lady, Love hath twenty pair of eyes.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, 2. 4. 95.

I have a good eye, uncle ; I can see a church by
daylight.

Much Ado about Nothing, 2. 1. 85.

“Some Odd Quirks and Remnants of Wit”

The lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow.

As You Like It, 2. 7. 147.

I had rather be a kitten and cry mew
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers.

1 *Henry IV*, 3. 1. 129.

Alas, I had rather be set quick i' the earth
And bowl'd to death with turnips.

Merry Wives of Windsor, 3. 4. 90.

Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.

3 *Henry VI*, 2. 5. 55.

And thus the whirligig of time brings in his
revenges.

Twelfth Night, 5. 1. 384.

Let me have men about me that are fat ;
Sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights :
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look ;
He thinks too much : such men are dangerous.

Julius Caesar, 1. 2. 192.

It is a good divine that follows his own instructions :
I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done,
than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching.

Merchant of Venice, 1. 2. 15.

The Lovers' Shakspeare

I am myself indifferent honest.

Hamlet, 3. 1. 123.

2 I could have better spared a better man.

1 Henry IV, 5. 4. 104.

They have all been touch'd and found base metal.

Timon of Athens, 3. 3. 6.

In my mind's eye, Horatio.

Hamlet, 1. 2. 185.

What is your crest ? a coxcomb ?

Taming of the Shrew, 2. 1. 226.

You tell a pedigree

Of threescore and two years.

3 Henry VI, 3. 3. 92.

Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool.

King Lear, 3. 6. 54.

What I will, I will, and there an end.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, 1. 3. 65.

Mark you

His absolute 'shall' ?

Coriolanus, 3. 1. 89.

Could I come near your beauty with my nails,

I'd set my ten commandments in your face.

2 Henry VI, 1. 3. 144.

• Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curst.

Richard III, 1. 2. 49.

“Some Odd Quirks and Remnants of Wit”

I'll say as they say and persever so.

Comedy of Errors, 2. 2. 217.

'T is as easy as lying.

Hamlet, 3. 2. 372.

That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet
knaves,

And all this courtesy!

Timon of Athens, 1. 1. 258.

'Fly pride,' says the peacock.

Comedy of Errors, 4. 3. 81.

They say there is divinity in odd numbers, either
in nativity, chance, or death.

Merry Wives of Windsor, 5. 1. 3.

But yet I'll make assurance double sure,

And take a bond of fate.

Macbeth, 4. 1. 83.

We fail!

But screw your courage to the sticking-place,

And we'll not fail.

Macbeth, 1. 7. 59.

Nice customs curtsy to great kings.

Henry V, 5. 2. 293.

Nymph, in thy orisons

Be all my sins remember'd.

Hamlet, 3. 1. 89.

The Lovers' Shakspeare

I had as lief not be as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.

Julius Caesar, 1. 2. 95.

Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,'
Like the poor cat i' the adage.

Macbeth, 1. 7. 44.

I dare do all that may become a man ;
Who dares do more, is none.

Macbeth, 1. 7. 46.

The better part of valour is discretion.

1 Henry IV, 5. 4. 121.

Have I not here the best cards for the game ?

King John, 5. 2. 105.

I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die.

Richard III, 5. 4. 9.

But to my mind, though I am native here
And to the manner born, it is a custom
More honour'd in the breach than the observance.

Hamlet, 1. 4. 14.

They laugh that win.

Othello, 4. 1. 125.

Look here, upon this picture, and on this,
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.

Hamlet, 3. 4. 53.

"Some Odd Quirks and Remnants of Wit"

That was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr.

Hamlet, 1. 2. 139.

Was ever book containing such vile matter
So fairly bound ?

Romeo and Juliet, 3. 2. 83.

That he is mad, 't is true : 't is true 't is pity ;
And pity 't is 't is true.

Hamlet, 2. 2. 97.

I am but mad north-north-west : when the wind
is southerly I know a hawk from a handsaw.

Hamlet, 2. 2. 396.

Though this be madness, yet there is method in 't.

Hamlet, 2. 2. 207.

Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

Hamlet, 1. 4. 90.

O time ! thou must untangle this, not I ;
It is too hard a knot for me to untie.

Twelfth Night, 2. 2. 41.

What a coil 's here !

Timon of Athens, 1. 2. 236.

You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither :
If I last in this service, you must case me in leather.

Comedy of Errors, 2. 1. 84.

The Lovers' Shakspeare

Jesters do oft prove prophets.

King Lear, 5. 3. 71.

Great men may jest with saints ; 't is wit in them,
But in the less foul profanation.

Measure for Measure, 2. 2. 127.

Promising is the very air o' the time.

Timon of Athens, 5. 1. 24.

To promise is most courtly and fashionable.

Timon of Athens, 5. 1. 28.

Ay, springes to catch woodcocks.

Hamlet, 1. 3. 115.

I speak against my present profit, but my wish hath
a preferment in 't.

Cymbeline, 5. 4. 214.

'T was her brother that, in pure kindness to his
horse, buttered his hay.

King Lear, 2. 4. 126.

But for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.

Henry IV, 1. 3. 63.

Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great ?

Julius Cæsar, 1. 2. 149.

"Some Odd Quirks and Remnants of Wit"

Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and
some have greatness thrust upon 'em.

Twelfth Night, 2. 5. 157.

Throw physic to the dogs ; I'll none of it.

Macbeth, 5. 3. 47.

Soft ! take thy physic first.

Timon of Athens, 3. 6. 110.

This must be patch'd

With cloth of any colour.

Coriolanus, 3. 1. 252.

Let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung.

Hamlet, 3. 2. 252.

What, will the line stretch out to the crack of doom ?

Macbeth, 4. 1. 117.

Though the chameleon Love can feed on the air, I
am one that am nourished by my victuals.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, 2. 1. 178.

Discourse is heavy, fasting.

Cymbeline, 3. 6. 91.

If thou hadst been Dromio to-day in my place.

Comedy of Errors, 3. 1. 46.

The world's mine oyster.

Merry Wives of Windsor, 2. 2. 2.

The Lovers' Shakspeare

Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
And graze in commons.

Julius Cæsar, 4. 1. 25.

Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this.

Julius Cæsar, 1. 2. 171.

'T was caviare to the general.

Hamlet, 2. 2. 457.

Dreams are toys :

Yet for this once, yea, superstitiously,
I will be squared by this.

Winter's Tale, 3. 3. 39.

This grief is crowned with consolation.

Antony and Cleopatra, 1. 2. 174.

A little more than kin, and less than kind.

Hamlet, 1. 2. 65.

Think you I bear the shears of destiny ?

King John, 4. 2. 91.

What 's in a name? that which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet.

Romeo and Juliet, 2. 2. 43.

And if his name be George, I 'll call him Peter.

King John, 1. 1. 186.

"Some Odd Quirks and Remnants of Wit"

Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there
shall be no more cakes and ale?

Twelfth Night, 2. 3. 123.

I have sat in the stocks for puddings he hath stolen.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, 4. 4. 33.

When I was at home, I was in a better place.

As You Like It, 2. 4. 17.

I think

The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.

Merchant of Venice, 5. 1. 103.

Out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower,
safety.

1 Henry IV, 2. 3. 10.

But if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.

Henry V, 4. 3. 28.

Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep.

2 Henry VI, 3. 1. 53.

Othello's occupation's gone!

Othello, 3. 3. 357.

More matter for a May morning.

Twelfth Night, 3. 4. 156.

The Lovers' Shakspeare

Let us be jocund.

Tempest, 3. 2. 126.

He was disposed to mirth ; but on the sudden
A Roman thought hath struck him.

Antony and Cleopatra, 1. 2. 86.

Every man has his fault, and honesty is his.

Timon of Athens, 3. 1. 29.

Ah, no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me !

1 Henry IV, 2. 4. 312.

Be merry, be merry, my wife has all ;
For women are shrews, both short and tall.

2 Henry IV, 5. 3. 35.

This tune goes manly.

Macbeth, 4. 3. 235.

I have a reasonable good ear in music. Let's
have the tongs and the bones.

Midsummer-Night's Dream, 4. 1. 31.

Very like a whale.

Hamlet, 3. 2. 399.

Marry, sir, 't is an ill cook that cannot lick his own
fingers.

Romeo and Juliet, 4. 2. 6.

'T is not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For daws to peck at.

Othello, 1. 1. 63.

"Some Odd Quirks and Remnants of Wit"

O villainous ! I have looked upon the world for four times seven years ; and since I could distinguish betwixt a benefit and an injury, I never found man that knew how to love himself.

Othello, 1. 3. 312.

All hoods make not monks.

Henry VIII, 3. 1. 23.

The lady protests too much methinks.

Hamlet, 3. 2. 240.

A subtle traitor needs no sophister.

2 Henry VI, 5. 1. 191.

For I am nothing, if not critical.

Othello, 2. 1. 120.

Imperious Cæsar, dead and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.

Hamlet, 5. 1. 236.

Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth.

Hamlet, 2. 1. 63.

And Brutus is an honourable man.

Julius Cæsar, 3. 2. 92.

You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Julius Cæsar, 4. 3. 13.

This must be answer'd either here or hence.

King John, 4. 2. 89.

The Lovers' Shakspeare

And so we measur'd swords and parted.

As You Like It, 5. 4. 91.

Better once than never, for never too late.

Taming of the Shrew, 5. 1. 155.

As a woodcock to mine own springe.

Hamlet, 5. 2. 317.

At once, good night:

Stand not upon the order of your going,

But go at once.

Macbeth, 3. 4. 118.

You have not the Book of Riddles about you,
have you?

Merry Wives of Windsor, 1. 1. 208.

The sauce to meat is ceremony.

Macbeth, 3. 4. 36.

Still harping on my daughter.

Hamlet, 2. 2. 188.

If thou dost love me,

Show me thy thought.

Othello, 3. 3. 115.

Thou hast harp'd my fear aright.

Macbeth, 4. 1. 74.

She hath such a celerity in dying.

Antony and Cleopatra, 1. 2. 148.

"Some Odd Quirks and Remnants of Wit"

There is flattery in friendship.

Henry V, 3. 7. 124.

Lay not that flattering unction to your soul.

Hamlet, 3. 4. 145.

Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.

Twelfth Night, 3. 1. 168.

Here's metal more attractive.

Hamlet, 3. 2. 116.

This is worshipful society.

King John, 1. 1. 205.

A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, 2. 4. 33.

They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps.

Love's Labour's Lost, 5. 1. 39.

Have I lived to stand at the taunt of one that makes fritters of English?

Merry Wives of Windsor, 5. 5. 150.

It were a goot motion if we leave our pribbles and prabbles.

Merry Wives of Windsor, 1. 1. 55.

The Lovers' Shakspeare

L' Envoy.

Those lips that Love's own hand did make
Breathed forth the sound that said 'I hate'
To me that languish'd for her sake ;
But when she saw my woeful state,
Straight in her heart did mercy come,
Chiding that tongue that ever sweet
Was used in giving gentle doom,
And taught it thus anew to greet ;
'I hate' she alter'd with an end,
That follow'd it as gentle day
Doth follow night, who like a fiend
From heaven to hell is flown away ;
'I hate' from hate away she threw,
And saved my life, saying 'not you.'

Sonnet CXLV.





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